The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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AN AUTUMN IDYL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY KATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

I grieve for my love who grieves.
Out in the fields of yellow corn she walks,
Shaking the silver dew from tasselled stalks,
And singing softly, though her angry tears
Drop on the browning silk of turning ears;
My little love who loves me well, I know,
And though I plead, too coy is she to tell me so.

I grieve for my love who grieves.
Calling the poppies flaming mid the corn,
Dropping the petals on the winds o' morn,
Singing full passionately, and low, and soft,
Tho' her voice trembles in the ditty oft;
My dainty love whose breast is troubled sore,
With holding sweetness it can hide no more.

I joy with my love who joys.
For now, in sweet repentance and in tears,
A'through the rustling leaves and nodding ears,
With sunny smiles illumining her eyes,
And eager, outstretched hands, to me she flies,
For kisses holding up her quivering lips,
While all her passionate soul grows dark in love's eclipse.

SEA LIONS UPON THE ICE.

The largest species of seals are the sea-lions and sea-elephants, the former often having a kind of mane. They inhabit the frozen portions of the Northern Seas, and are an inoffensive animal, and much sought for their skins and fur, and even their oil, which in many species is very abundant.

LEONIE'S MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

AUTHOR OF "SAVED AT LAST," "THE COST OF A SECRET," "RACHEL HOLMES," ETC.

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CHAPTER V.

Just a month of bright days for Milly, with walks and drives unlike any she had ever before taken or might ever take again; when balls were no ordinary crowds of commonplace people, and going to the opera was like entering paradise. Then Leonie Dormer came back from Washington, whither she had gone suddenly after the day Thorman brought her his ill omened tidings. Back she came with her gorgeous beauty, the strange glamour in her eyes, and the lips that uttered such bitter speeches at one moment, and the next brightened with such bewildering smiles that the gloom seemed only an outward shadow instead of coming from the trouble within.

And on this very first evening Milly was disturbed by a few ill-natured words that her cousin Adelaide Ramsay was delighted to whisper.

"You'd better look after Walter Thorman, I can tell you; they say he used to be crazy over that woman years ago when she was a girl."

Milly walked away from her in disdainful silence, but the words stung in spite of that. They had all met at some grand ball that night, and from the commencement Milly felt certain that Mrs. Dormer had penetrated the secret of her engagement, which they were still keeping, so that the gloss might not be worn off its newness by people's remarks.

Before the evening was over Milly had been rude and pettish, which made Leonie smile as she would have done at the freaks of a spoiled child, yet caused her to feel the same desire to punish the pretty creature for her ill behaviour, and Leonie was apt to carry such feelings into execution.

Milly began fairly to hate her with her picturesque dress so unlike that of any other woman present, for her brilliant beauty, for her power to sing in that passionate, theatrical way, for her entrancing manners which no man could resist, and most of all, for her amused forbearance with Milly's own bad temper.

She began to believe all the reports about this woman—that she was separated from her husband before his death—that there was some mystery in her long silence to her nearest friends, and that if it was not for her newly-recovered money and the fact that her relatives were such great people she would be treated with the neglect she deserved; to think the thousand wrong things young girls will when angry and hurt, without, heaven be praised, being in the least able to comprehend the evil of their own reflections.

For when Milly entered the room the first sight that met her eyes was Mrs. Dormer with a little crowd about her—she was just turning away from them with her usual ease and indifference—and had taken Walter Thorman's arm, and he was leading her off to dance.

Yes, and worst of all, he was so much occupied that he never observed Milly's entrance. She was not a fool, even in her love and her exacting disposition. When she reflected about the matter she knew very well that a man was to have a little use of his eyes and care for old acquaintance, though he was engaged. Many a time she had laughed at girls for indulging in foolish tempers concerning things of the same nature; but all that did not remove the sudden chill which had come over her when she saw Leonie Dormer leaning on Walter Thorman's arm and glancing up in his face with those wonderful eyes of hers which would look from their changeful expressions as if she were meaning many things which she did not.

It is very well to theorize about such trifles as Milly had often done in the plenitude of her girlish wisdom, but a case which appealed directly to her own feelings was a different matter, as you or I might have discovered in similar circumstance. So she followed her aunt with a cold pressure at her heart and that sudden breathless sensation, that inexplicable, sickening thrill which made her absolutely faint and very glad to sink into a seat.

It was the first change since the beginning of her beautiful dream—it came over the glory of her happiness like a gust across a flower garden in midsummer. She had utterly forgotten the scene which had caused her so much annoyance on the night when Walter Thorman told her of his love; it had been completely blotted from her mind by the bliss which followed, and if she had remembered it she would no more have believed that the woman could do anything, in spite of her fascinations, to disturb her peace for a single instant, than you or I believed during the opening glory of our first heart-dream that any power on earth could dim its lustre.

Somebody came up and asked Milly to dance—it was poor Charley Wylde.

"You did not dance with me once last night," he said dolefully; "you never do dance with me any more, Miss Milly."

Her first impulse was to answer the foolish boy sharply; then came a quick thought—the biting fear so quick to come to a woman's mind however young she may be, that somebody might be looking curiously at her, might suspect her secret and notice any change in her manner and attribute it to its proper cause. So she made foolish Charley, who had flung his young heart at her feet for her to walk over in the insolent, unconscious pride of her girlhood, happy by taking his arm, and in a moment they were whirling away through the dance.

Then Walter Thorman saw her, her cheeks glowing from that sudden fear, and her eyes beautified by the new pain in her soul—a pause in the music brought the two couples close together.

"Oh, my pretty little fairy," cried Mrs. Dormer, holding out both hands; "I am so happy to see you again."

Milly could not help returning two fingers and a very cold answer to the lady's warm greeting, casting one quick glance towards Thorman as she did so, which Leonie intercepted, fleeting as it was, and her wits being sharp as so many polished daggers, understood the matter at once as well as if she had received a whole volume of explanations.

"You must come and see me, my flower," continued Mrs. Dormer, talking rapidly all the while those swift thoughts were flitting through her mind and smiling at Milly's stateliness; "come very soon, you and the dear aunt—she is well?"

There was no time for more words; the music had struck up afresh—away they all flew, but Milly danced as she had sometimes fancied herself doing in a bad dream—as if her limbs were half paralyzed and held her back.

She was in her seat again at last; then Thorman came up to her, quite unconscious that anything was amiss, for the look which had been plain enough to Madam had escaped him—he being only a man.

"I did not see you come in," he whispered, bending toward her. "How pretty you look, my little blossom!"

I suppose he could not have said two more unfortunate things. First, so innocently acknowledging that he had been unaware of her presence. Love had already made Milly imaginative and unreasonable enough to have that feeling we have all experienced in our time, of expecting the beloved object to know by intuition when she approached. Then to call her by that name—she liked pet names—but that was an appellation that hateful woman often gave her; it grated on her ear like a harsh word.

"What made you so late?" continued Thorman.

"It is not late," replied Milly, fretfully, telling a fib to gratify her vexation, for it was late—and she had been in a fever for half an hour before they started at Aunt Eliza's dilatoriness. The tone was unmistakeably cross; Thorman looked surprised.

"Aren't you well?" he asked.

"Certainly; what makes you think I am not?"

He smiled a little; he had never seen her cross before, and it made her so pretty and *piquante* that he liked it by way of a change—just for a few moments.

"There is our redowa," he said, "come, pretty pigeon."

"Our redowa," was somewhat soothing to Milly, but she hesitated; she had three minds not to dance; he looked at her and smiled, as he offered his arm, and she could not carry her resentment far enough for a refusal. Thorman took pleasure in teasing her; said a thousand things at which she would have laughed at another time, but she could not then.

Mrs. Dormer whirled past—flashed a French word at Thorman, which Milly did not catch.

"What a pretty lilac," he said, pointing to the trimmings on Milly's skirt.

She could not quarrel with him outright, because the fascinating widow chose to address him in a foreign language, but she could carp at him when he called her bows by a wrong name.

"They are lavender," said she; "something has made you color blind to-night."

"My dear child," returned he, bent on teasing her, "I pride myself on the correctness of my eyes—lilac, I do assure you."

"Then Aunt Eliza, and I, and the dressmaker, must all be blind," she answered.

He laughed again at her tone, and was so determined on making her laugh, that at length Milly danced herself back into the sunshine.

The evening would have passed off very tolerably, she need not have felt troubled or cross any more, had not Mrs. Dormer come up to her just before supper; then it was that Milly was unwise enough to be pettish and almost rude. Leonie's eyes danced; somebody had whispered to her that Thorman was said to be engaged to Milly, so she was certain that her suspicion had been correct.

"And the little goose is jealous," she thought; "She's a pretty young bird—but she mustn't hiss at me like a small serpent—that will not do."

There was a confusion of epithets in the lady's mind, but the main idea was very clear; if that little girl ventured to be impertinent, she would be properly punished.

"Of course she hasn't an idea in her head," Leonie went on thinking, smiling sweetly at Milly the while. "Well, it is odd how a man of Walter Thorman's age will take a fancy to bread and butter, after upsetting his digestion with all manner of forbidden eatables; but I don't believe in the engagement."

Milly could not tell what was passing in the widow's mind, or be sufficiently wise to know that in such a battle as she was ready to bring on, a woman of the world has always every advantage, in spite of love and ties of any sort; so she determined that Mrs. Dormer should learn she did not mean to submit to her affectionate patronage, or be called names of extravagant endearment, or be meddled with in any way whatever.

She carried out her plan the next time she met the object of her dislike; it was very like a foolish little blossom fretting itself against a diamond star, and having all its leaves pierced with a thousand sparkling points.

And again Leonie smiled sweetly upon her, and held a little discourse internally.

"Yes, I'll certainly teach you a lesson, you dreadful mannered little Yankee girl! If Walter Thorman is going to be idiot enough to marry you, I shall do him and you a service by aggravating you into common sense; how much you do lack it, my pecking waite dove!"

Milly had dealt a dangerous blow to her own peace—poor child! I do not mean to say that Mrs. Dormer in the least disliked her, but she was accustomed to conquest even among her own sex, and impertinence was something she could not endure.

Had she really known Milly, she was more capable of thoroughly understanding her character than anybody had ever done; but meeting her casually, in crowds, she only saw in her the trifling, childish exterior, and really thought Thorman was taking a step he must repent very bitterly when too late. She concluded hastily that Milly's mind was like that of so many girls she had known, the best comparison for which is an oak that the Chinese plant in a vase, and which by some subtle treatment speedily becomes a miniature tree—pretty and quaint, but never to enlarge or grow any higher.

Coquetry was a matter of habit with Mrs. Dormer; not that she cared for the men on whom she lavished her smiles; but suffering had left her reckless and hard; the only excitement she found was in putting the whole world at her feet; and she was the more pitiless, from the very fact that she was angry with herself because she had lost the power to feel even a momentary thrill of enjoyment.

This woman, so admired and courted, with her beauty, her youth and her wealth, had two companions that walked constantly by her side and left her no repose—sorrow and bitterness. They never for an instant allowed her to escape their presence; they came always between her and the possibility of enjoyment, making her sometimes full of envy for the young in their ignorance, sometimes harshly contemptuous of their frivolity and their power of being happy.

She knew the world so well; she knew how much love and friendship are worth in it. She had lost her youth in its first bloom by one terrible blow—she had borne with life as one does with a disease for which there is no cure—and now that wealth and position were restored to her there was a harder burthen to bear—a racking dread added to her restlessness, and she rushed into gayety because her ghosts were less apparent in the ball-room's glare than in solitude.

So the days passed on and the contest thus begun was continued—mere play to the woman; stern, terrible earnest to blind little Milly.

Just her childishness, her sunny laugh, her light-heartedness, had won Walter Thorman's love; therefore, when she grew fretful and her temper uncertain, when she took him to task about trifles, not choosing to reveal the real hurt which smarted so keenly, he became impatient and began to see her childishness in another light. He commenced to hope that he had not been over-hasty, which was equivalent to fearing that he had been, and to feel that at all events it was imperatively necessary she should be subdued and taught that such freaks were silly and ridiculously out of place with a man so much older and wiser than herself, who honored her with his affection.

Then out of the mystery of the heart's awakening, Milly's mind developed like an amaryllis bursting suddenly into blossom. She thought of things in a way she had never before done; of life and the world as they are; of the fact that she could not always be young and pretty. She began to perceive that Thorman considered her a child, that he loved her as such, while there were depths in his past which she could not comprehend; experiences which kept them worlds apart; that in fact he only allowed her to stand in the pleasant light of the vestibule and never dreamed of opening the inner doors of the temple that she might enter.

Did all this knowledge make her wiser, more patient, better able to set right her present? Ah, never did it so happen to any human being; the wisdom gained by experience does not come till after the struggle is over, the defeat accepted. We look back on our Waterloos and see how the battle might have been won, but when we have acquired the generalship necessary for a victory, the great stakes for which we might fight are no longer there.

Milly was astonished to find that her temper could be so bad. The children at home fretted her; the light duties she had to perform became insupportable. Everything went wrong, and she made herself more wretched each day, without mending matters in the least, and forced her aunt to think her a bad, ungrateful girl whom she really wished married and gone.

Leonie was punishing her for her naughty behaviour, without intending to hurt her happiness or believing there was enough in her for her to endure real suffering; while Milly's petulance made Thorman colder and sterner, and his man's vanity and a store of old memories drew him closer into the mesh which the Creole wove out of her smiles.

Not that there was a thought in Thorman's heart which militated against the love he

had for Milly, but I have told you why he had been attracted to her, and when a man of the world loses a young girl from such feelings, she makes a fatal mistake if she pit herself against a woman to whom the deepest secrets of fascination are as familiar as the plays she first studied are to a veteran actress.

"I want rest, peace," said Walter Thorman, in his arrogance; "is this child to tease and annoy me, instead of being the cheerful little sunbeam I wooed for my loneliness?"

He perceived at length that she was jealous of Leonie Dormer. That amused him at first, as her petulance had done; but Milly carried matters too far, it became absurd in his eyes, and he was completely out of patience with her folly.

Then Milly began to flirt; she had worn the edge off her other weapons—she would go into the fray armed with that two-eged sword. But when a young girl attempts to wield that blade out of bitterness and a desire to annoy her lover, she does not handle it with the coolness of an experienced fencer; half her thrusts go astray, and the sharpest blows cut her own heart.

Milly went on foolishly with anybody who presented himself; worst of all with poor Charley Wylde, who was as foolish a boy as she was girl, only he had not much either of mind or soul to develope, and so did not get himself hurt so severely as Milly was doing. Still he loved her to the fullness of his capacity; we think that a worm is not much to be pitied because it can only feel a dull, sluggish pain, but if it suffers to the full extent of its powers, then it suffers in reality as much as an angel would.

By this time, Thorman was absolutely angry; not that he supposed Milly cared for the youth; but he overlooked the real cause of her conduct, and began to fear that she was led on by her love of admiration and flattery, and to think that because she was piqued with Mrs. Dormer she must take a leaf out of her book.

Milly certainly must learn that such conduct was not to be endured and he returned to Mrs. Dormer, led partly by his great sympathy for her and his enjoyment of her society, thinking what a pity it was either that young girls could not have all the experience of women of the world, or that the women could not retain their freshness and innocence beneath their knowledge.

But when you take a simple garden-flower, modest and perfumed with morning dew, and put it in a hot-house to grow double, to deepen in color and become more gorgeous every way, the fragrance and simplicity die out of it. You have a beautiful decoration for a jardiniere or a ball-room, but you have deprived the blossom of the charm it had when it was odorous of the free air, and memories of the pleasant haunts where you played and were happy, years and years before.

CHAPTER VI.

To say that those were days of unrest to Leonie Dormer also would feebly express the state of gnawing anxiety in which she watched them past, and knew that each left her nearer some dreadful crisis which might overthrow her present life as suddenly as an earthquake desolates some tropical land.

She went out constantly; she was more brilliant and witty than ever, but could those of her own sex who envied and reviled her, and would have been glad to have the endless gossip in regard to her grow into tangible tales that should strike her down from her dazzling height, have seen her in the solitude of her chamber, the severest and most malicious among them might have felt their rancor turned to pity. But that would have been what Leonie Dormer could have borne with the least semblance of submission; hatred, scorn, suspicion—anything would have been more endurable to her haughty nature than the world's commiseration and sympathy.

During her absence in Washington Mark Lasley had not written to her; he fed his anger by thinking that she had gone away to escape him for a time—perhaps hoping during that separation to force herself to accept the hand of one or another of the modern Croesuses who were at her feet, and he reproached her in his mind as utterly heartless and false. Even when he heard of her return, he did not go near her; he flattered himself that he should be able to wear out the strength of the spell she had cast over him as he had done so many fancies in the course of his wayward career. But only two nights after her arrival they met at some party, and by the thrill which struck to his very heart at the sight of her, he knew that all his attempts at philosophy and forgetfulness were vain, that he loved her with the same absorbing passion which had filled his mind from the first.

Very wisely he did not begin by teasing or reproaching her—that ordinary habit with people in love, whereby they oftener wear out the last chance of gaining their happiness than they think. He made himself agreeable and necessary, and did not even worry her with open expressions of tenderness, so that he soon got back to the old footing, and they were, at least, the best friends imaginable.

The days passed on; it was now the beginning of March, and traces of Spring began to make themselves visible. How fast the time flew—that was Leonie Dormer's haunting thought. Almost two weeks had gone by since her return from Washington—nearly a month gone since the day Walter Thorman had come to her with that fatal message—there was nothing done—no step taken—no possibility of action; she could only wait—wait, in a horrible suspense that was worse to her impatient soul than the most dreadful catastrophe could have been.

There was one fancy that haunted her dreams, and in her waking hours seemed the sole companion that suited the strait in which she found herself—she was like some hapless wretch in a frail boat that swept more and more swiftly down a laughing stream, with bright flowers and graceful trees on its margin, and the roar of an unseen cataract coming always nearer and nearer, and she powerless to lift her hand.

No wonder she grew thinner and paler, her eyes larger and blazing with a more restless light—her wit more sharp and biting; but all her trouble seemed only to increase the marvelous beauty that had been so great a curse to her, and she was more courted and admired than ever. In her desperate moments when she thought of the end stealing nearer and nearer, she would laugh outright in a horrible merriment to fancy how the fairy palace in which she dwelt would fall into ruin with one fearful crash, like some enchanted dwelling in an Eastern tale beneath the stroke of the magician's wand.

Between Leonie and Walter Thorman there passed no further confidence; he seldom visited her at her house, but they met often at the dinners, the musicals and decorous amusements of all sorts which by way of a show of Lenten austerities had taken the place of great balls, and he read as no other human being that saw her could, the change in her haughty face and understood its meaning. It formed a bond of sympathy between them which made his society a relief to her, and looked so much like an open flirtation that Milly's jealous weakness had more and more room for growth, and even Lasley's ill-humor was frequently roused.

Everybody was at Mrs. Fanshawe's one night for a concert which had been arranged by Leonie herself and so was a success in every particular—not too much music, and no amateur performers—with long pauses between the pieces, and an admirable supper which would have consoled the most prosaic person for being obliged to go.

Mrs. Dormer was in a brilliant flow of spirits; all day long she had been oppressed, yet excited by that strange premonition which everybody who has suffered under a cruel load of anxiety knows so well—something was about to happen—some sudden shock was close at hand—and the very dread gave her new strength; at least it was a change from the passive suspense of the previous weeks.

It was just before supper; some man was performing something wonderful on the pianoforte, and a woman doing something more marvellous still on a violin, and two or three other professors joining in on their special instruments, and the noise was so great that the crowd could whisper at leisure and took advantage of the opportunity as people always will, however much they may talk of being devoted to music.

A little knot of Leonie's more intimate acquaintances were gathered in the little room that opened into the conservatory, and Milly and Walter Thorman among them, though with an inward protest on Milly's part. Somehow she could seldom resist the woman's fascination, though there were often times now when she felt that she was growing actually to hate the beautiful widow, and was startled at the capabilities she developed in that line. Still as usual she yielded to Leonie's whisper as she laid her hand on Milly's arm when the performers began their first yells and moans on fiddle and piano, as the opening burst of some grand master's finest *morceau*.

"Come away," said she, "you'll be utterly deafened, my pretty white blossom, and not be able to hear a whisper from any of your admirers for a month at least."

Several gentlemen followed; Thorman obeyed a sign of Leonie's, and Charley Wylde joined in with the group for the express pleasure of tormenting himself by seeing that Milly was perfectly oblivious of his presence. A few other people knew that they might go too, and in the pleasant, half-lighted room, filled with the scent of Southern flowers, with the peals of music rising up, softened and made agreeable, they found Mark Lasley, who had retired thither for a brief indulgence in a fit of sulks, more bewitched than ever by Leonie's beauty, and enraged because, like the moon's loveliness, "it shone on all alike." "Dear me," said Leonie as she caught sight of him, "the room is beautiful! Yield spirit to the rightful owner of the place," she continued, touching him playfully on the shoulder with her fan.

Lasley tried to look sulky and injured still, but she smiled at him and made him talk and be good-natured, and Milly watching, thought—

"I believe the creature is a witch—she makes everybody do as she pleases! I did not mean to come with her! Now she is whispering to Walter—oh, what a dreadful flirt!"

But Leonie checked her harsh reflections by drawing her into the conservatory to look at some rare flower. She was taking more pains than she often did with people to make the girl like her, for though Thorman had not confided his secret to her, she felt confident that his heart had gone out toward the pretty creature, and she wanted to be friends with Milly.

Lasley and Thorman followed them, and the four stood there idly talking when Leonie's own maid came through from a back entrance and whispered to her mistress, handing her a note.

"I beg your pardon, madam," she said, "but this just came, and the man said he would not go without an answer. I thought it better to bring it."

"Quite right—wait," Leonie answered in the same tone.

Low as the voices were, Lasley's quick ear caught the words of both. As Leonie broke open her note she saw his eyes fixed suspiciously upon her. Thorman drew Milly a little away, but Lasley stood watching Mrs. Dormer as she read. Prepared as she was, she could not prevent one brief start or the sickly whiteness that crept about her mouth, but there was no other sign of agitation. Lasley was still looking at her. She flashed a reproachful glance at him, and said aloud to the woman—

"Say 'yes'—that is all the answer." As the maid went away, she turned toward Lasley again. "Shall we go back to the music?" she asked carelessly.

"If you have quite done with your mysteries," he replied haughtily.

"Quite," said she calmly. "Only a note from an unfortunate tradeswoman."

It dropped from her hand as she spoke, and he saw the writing—it was so evidently that of a man that he could not resist saying:

"Whoever she may be she effectually disguises any trace of femininity in her writing."

She fairly snatched the note from him and tore it into tiny bits, with a sharp laugh.

"That is the second scene you have made over a letter," said he.

"Is it? I am sure I have made no scene now! So kind of you to be interested in my affairs," sneered she.

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed; "I'm a fool! But, oh Leonie, what is this mystery that so often seems to surround you?—what is it stands between us?"

"Many things," she answered; "I have told you so! Do you wish even to take back your friendship?"

"Don't speak such cruel words, Leonie! You know that I love you—"

"Ah, that is not in our bond," she interrupted in a harsh voice; "I have no leisure to talk of that with any man."

"I begin at last to believe that you are utterly heartless," he said bitterly. "Don't be alarmed; I shall not trouble you with such conversation again—it was only a brief return of the old madness—forgive me."

He hurried out of the conservatory, and Leonie Dormer stood for an instant watching him with an expression of such poignant regret, such ineffable tenderness on her features, that his heart must have softened had he seen it.

Thorman, while standing in the entrance pretending to talk with Milly, had narrowly observed the scene; and at last Milly, vexed by his preoccupation, hurried from him and began talking to poor Charley Wylde, who straightway looked as happy as a king. Thorman returned to where Mrs. Dormer stood, apparently forgetful of the eyes that might be upon her.

"What has happened?" he whispered.

She started and looked quickly up.

"The blow has come," she answered; "you see I can bear it! Wait. Will you help me?—it just occurs to me."

"You know I will."

"I don't try to thank you! See, I have to go to Longwell to-morrow—I must—I'll not go alone—I'll not be exposed to comment while I can avoid it. Ask Miss Crofton and me to go driving—Mr. Lasley, too. Will you manage it?"

"Of course—but—"

"No buts—my head won't stand them! I must go to Longwell—only a short drive—we'll stop at the hotel. I know the place. Let me go now—only arrange it."

She had spoken the last words in a louder tone. Milly's ear caught them. In her eagerness Leonie touched Thorman's sleeve with her right hand, from which she had drawn her glove. In the whirl and anger in her mind Milly wondered at herself for noticing the strange glitter of a great emerald she wore on one of her fingers. She remembered some old German legend of a potent sorceress who wore an ornament like that, and felt as if the woman were an evil spirit clothed in superhuman loveliness come to wreck her peace forever.

Mrs. Dormer went back to the music room, and Milly, trying to hide her anger, listened to Thorman's proposal for the drive on the morrow and consented to go, but that there was some mystery, some secret understanding between her lover and this woman she was now beginning to be confident, and her whole soul was in arms.

The next day was bright and sunny, and the little party started on their drive apparently prepared to enjoy the beautiful morning and each other's society to the fullest extent; but what the night had been to each, except Thorman, perhaps neither Milly nor Leonie nor Lasley himself would have cared to acknowledge.

After the luncheon which the landlord of the pretty little inn provided, Thorman made some excuse to go out on the business which had been his pretense for proposing the drive, but which was as indifferently successful as our petty falsehoods usually are, though we never seem to gain wisdom enough to stop trying to serve our turn therewith.

Lasley remained with the ladies, but at last Leonie vowed that her head ached in the most distracting way—Milly and Mr. Lasley must go out for a walk and leave her to be cross by herself for awhile.

"There's a splendid green-house at the other end of the village," she said. "You shall take Miss Crofton to see that. I am too ill-natured to talk just now. I banish you, Mr. Lasley, without scruple, but it is only my conscience that makes me spare dear little Milly my doleful mood."

They left her to herself—and for a few moments Leonie walked up and down the room, holding her watch in her hand and noting the moments pass to the hour that had been set for her appearance there. After a time, she went down-stairs, opened the door of a quiet sitting-room on the ground floor—paused an instant on the threshold, while a shiver of fear and repugnance ran through her whole frame, then with a sudden resolution, entered the apartment.

Milly and Mark Lasley started out for their walk—but they did not go in search of the green-house.

"I don't feel like undertaking it," Milly said; "if Mrs. Dormer wishes to be alone, I have no desire to intrude upon her—but if you please, we will walk down the street a little way and back."

Lasley was vexed at her tone, stung by Leonie's inexplicable conduct, and took refuge in sulkiness, as men will on such occasions, so the pair got on but indifferently. At last Milly said—

"We will go to the hotel now, I think—I dare say Mr. Thorman is back by this time. If Mrs. Dormer's head is so bad, she had better get home."

"You ladies, I notice, have seldom much faith in each others' headaches," said Lasley.

"Haven't we?" returned Milly, and knew that she was behaving in the most disagreeable manner, but could not restrain herself.

As they entered the hall, a man pushed hurriedly past them and went out; Lasley turned angrily at his rudeness, but he was gone so quickly that there was no time for words.

As they were going by the open door of the sitting-room, they heard Thorman's voice call—

"Miss Crofton—Milly!"

They paused and looked in—Leonie Dormer lay back in an easy chair, white and insensible, and Thorman was bending over her, as frightened and helpless as men usually are on such occasions.

"What is it—what is the matter?" demanded Lasley, hurrying forward, with a sudden turn in his voice.

"I don't know," Thorman replied, "I just came in, and found her senseless in the chair."

Milly put them both aside—scouted the idea of a doctor being called; and under her skillful treatment Leonie soon opened her eyes—stared wildly about, then trying to control herself, gasped with an hysterical laugh.

"Don't be frightened—I only thought I would faint! Take me home—do take me home."

Thorman hurried away to order the carriage; and as Milly stooped over her again to arrange her wrappings, Leonie made a quick movement of her right hand—the emerald ring that she always wore, that Milly had noticed on her hand that morning, was gone.

Lasley was standing by holding a glass of water, and as Leonie saw Milly's eyes fastened upon her hand, she dropped it at her side with a quick movement and an appealing look for silence, of which Milly, in her undefined bitterness and wrath, was utterly regardless.

"Your ring," she exclaimed, "you have dropped your ring."

Leonie gave her a reproachful smile, but holding up her left hand on which glittered several jewels, said, quietly—

"No, they are all here."

"Not those," persisted Milly; "the one you wear on your right hand—the emerald."

"Perhaps it has fallen on the floor," said Lasley. "I will look for it."

"Don't trouble yourself," returned Leonie; "I did not wear the emerald—it is safe at home."

Her eyes never sank under Milly's; the same bitter smile was on her lips—the glance seemed to ask the girl: "Why torment me—why force me to lie—you are a woman too; cannot you feel for my pain?"

Milly was blind to the glance; she had not known that it was in her nature to be so cruel and hard, but she could not resist adding—

"I am certain you had the ring on. I can't be mistaken."

"Impossible as you may think it, Miss Crofton, I assure you that you are," replied Leonie, not angrily, but with a certain scornful weariness, as if Milly's teasing disturbed her like the sting of some tiny insect too small to be heeded; and Milly appreciating the tone, was more angry than ever.

"You are sure you are better, Mrs. Dormer?" questioned Lasley, bending over her.

"Quite well—don't remind me of it—I am ashamed of my own folly."

"Did something frighten you?" asked Milly.

"I don't know what could; I told you I had a headache," Leonie said, impatiently. "Now let me alone, both of you, or I shall turn dreadfully rusty. Here comes Mr. Thorman—now let us get off."

No one asked her any more questions, but as the carriage drove up the quiet street, Lasley saw Mrs. Dormer turn her head from side to side as if in dread of meeting some object that she would fain avoid, and recalling the suspicion that had been apparent in Milly Crofton's tone and manner, he felt that the mystery which surrounded this woman increased each day, and thereupon fell into one of his gloomy moods, which helped to make the homeward drive a rather dismal affair. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT. 22, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ *Club subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra*. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars*.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2,50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2,50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Leonie's Mystery.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

We began this fine story in THE POST of October 8th.

We design printing an extra edition of this story, sufficient to supply back numbers to all new subscribers up to January.

Still, as the extra edition *may* not hold out, it will be well for all who wish to avail themselves of our liberal offers, to send on their subscriptions as early as possible.

AN EXCELLENT LAW.

Notwithstanding France has been an empire, they manage some things better there than we do here. For instance, in the matter of adulterating food and liquors, the French law says:—

"If the adulteration be with any material injurious to health, a fine of from 50 to 500 francs, together with an imprisonment of from three months to two years, may be imposed. A fine of from 16 to 25 francs and an imprisonment of from six to ten days, or either penalty, may be inflicted upon traders who, without legitimate excuse, shall have on their premises any adulterated substance; and if the adulteration be with any material injurious to health, the fine may be increased to 50 francs, and the imprisonment to fifteen days. In the event of a further conviction within five years of the first, the punishments is doubled. In all cases the particulars of the offence are publicly advertised at the expense of the offender."

And this law is not a mere empty statute, as so many of our laws are, but is regularly and systematically enforced. Under Louis Napoleon, there was a continual examination going on in Paris, and we believe the other cities of France, by properly qualified officers, into the purity and excellence of the milk, meats, groceries, alcoholic liquors, &c. Even in the jewelry stores, it was an offence to expose for sale anything as gold that was not gold.

Some investigations made by a daily paper in New York several years ago, proved that even the largest and best hotels were in the habit of selling adulterated liquors, often mixed with injurious and sometimes poisonous drugs; and that articles sold in the grocery stores also were frequently and seriously adulterated. And yet after everybody was convinced of the existence of this practice of adulteration to an extensive degree, the whole matter was allowed to subside, and no action was taken to protect the public health.

There is little doubt that a large portion of the mischief which results from the use of intoxicating liquors, comes from the vile drugs with which they are systematically adulterated. Probably the inordinate craving for more which follows the first glass, is oftener the effect of the drugs than of the liquor itself. Why not then take measures to enforce the purity of these liquors, in the interests alike of temperance and health?

The appointment of a scientific commission, with power to examine at will into the purity of all eatables and drinkables exposed for sale, and whose business it should be to prosecute all offenders, seems to us to be one of the measures imperatively demanded by the well-being of the community. It is one of those things which it is almost impossible for the individual to do for himself, and it falls within the just province of governmental effort, which is to see justice done between man and man. If a trader professes to sell pure milk for instance, it is within the just province of the government to see that pure milk is furnished. And so with all other liquors, as well as with those numerous articles which are found at the grocery-stores. With the single exception of butter, the weight of which in our markets is regularly tested, and the systematic examination of weights and measures, nothing is now done for the protection of the consumer. And yet a man had far better be a little cheated in the quality of what he buys, than be grossly deceived in its quality.

A POOR BUSINESS.

Mr. Theodore Tilton, of the *N. Y. Independent*—not an obscure person—recently saw a letter in print which purported to be written by the Rev. J. D. Fulton, of Boston, charging him, the said Tilton, with having been "seen at a restaurant on Broadway a day or two since, with a bottle of wine before him, and of which he several times partook."

Whereupon Mr. Tilton replies that "he drinks wine on communion and other proper occasions; and that so far as regards the mountebank who is reported to have addressed him the above letter, this hot Gospeller, after preaching a Sunday night sermon in Dr. Armitage's church in New York, sauntered down the Bowery in company with a friend, entered a lager-beer saloon, and during an hour's stay drank (the two together) nine or ten glasses of lager beer, of which the Rev. Mr. Fulton guzzled the larger part."

To this Mr. Fulton answers, "First, the letter he (Mr. Tilton) prints purporting to be written by me is a forgery; second, the declaration he makes, which follows the letter, has not the slightest foundation in truth."

And then the Boston friends of Mr. Fulton meet, and resolve to prosecute Mr. Tilton for libel. Whereupon Mr. Tilton rejoins that he will prove when the libel comes to trial that his charge against the Rev. Mr. Fulton that he drank "*several glasses* of lager beer in a Bowery saloon on a Sunday night after preaching a sermon," is true.

All of which strikes us as a very miserable business. The Scripture recommends watching over others for their good, but this watching over others for their harm, to see whether they drink wine or lager beer when they should not, strikes us as too much of a "peeping Tom" affair to be becoming in men professing to be Christian gentlemen.

The best thing for both parties to do, is to be reconciled with each other, and leave the curious public unsatisfied to its dying day as to whether Mr. Tilton really drank that wine, or Mr. Fulton the lager beer.

CLUBS.—A late letter from a lady at Jacksonville, Ill., says:

"It is easy work, with your liberal offers, to get up a Club for THE POST."

We are pleased to see that a good many of our friends are coming to the same conclusion. By-the-way, we expect to have enough back numbers of THE POST containing the story of "Leonie's Mystery" to last at least up to the first of January.

SIZE OF OUR LAST PREMIUM ENGRAVING.—To a correspondent who wishes to know the size of "THE SISTERS," we answer that the engraved plate is about 18 inches square, and the size of the sheet 17 inches by 22 inches. It is, in our opinion, one of the best Premiums we have issued. The cost of engraving it—such is the fineness of the execution—was probably greater than that of any other of our Premiums.

A POTATO RAT.

The Frankfort Yeoman—a Kentucky paper—gives warning of a new enemy to the sweet potato. It says:—

From its peculiar shape and appearance, we can give it no other name than that of the potato rat. It was discovered and captured near this city in a sweet potato patch on last Tuesday, and is now at our office on exhibition. It has somewhat the appearance of an ordinary mole, having no perceptible eyes, and really no visible legs. Its motion is necessarily slow, but it pushes its way through the earth somewhat after the fashion of the red worm. Its color on the back and sides is a deep pink, with a white appearance under the throat and where the legs ought to be. Its nose is sharp and prominent; its mouth small, having no teeth. Its tail is full ten inches long, and its body not more than four. The tail, nose, and body entitle it to be called a rat, though it has no fur. It is supposed to draw its sustenance from the juices of the vines and small roots attached to the tubers.

Sorry to hear it—and yet we cannot wonder at the rascal's liking sweet potatoes. The potatoes are unusually fine this season too—so fine that they seem thus to have developed an animal especially to eat them.

WAR.

Just to think of two nations, both professing to stand at the head of the Civilized nations—more, both professing to be Christian nations, and true disciples of the PRINCE OF PEACE—slaughtering each other as is told in the following extract:—

A distinguished officer, William de Rohan, writing to a British journal, says:—"I believe it quite within the mark to set down the number *hors de combat* of the two armies, French and German, at not less than 400,000, of which fully 250,000 are dead or badly maimed for life; of the numbers killed outright it is not easy to speak definitely, as fully fifty per cent. of the merely wounded perished on the field where they fell from want of ambulance and hospital care. I remember seeing one trench fully a kilometre long, wherein at least 10,000 German and French dead were indiscriminately huddled, many bodies not yet quite cold."

Who can wonder that it should be a standing joke among intelligent Chinese and Hindoos, the idea of Christianity being a religion of Peace! Why, say they, you Christians are the greatest fighters in the world. Either therefore your religion is a religion of War, or you do not really believe in it.

We should think it would be very hard for the Missionaries to meet such arguments. The ravening Wolf would be a better emblem of most so-called Christian nations than the Scriptural Lamb.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.—There is the usual confused jumble of foreign news, including a report that the Prussian army is in full retreat from Paris.

There seems to be no truth in this last, but in all probability the French have driven back the Prussians at several points near Paris, and the whole situation looks more favorable for the French.

☞ Nilsson is said to be rather a disappointment—while the idea of her being equal to Jenny Lind is voted absurd.

Managers and printer's ink often over-do matters, by too much eulogy in advance.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MICHAEL RUDOLPH, "The Bravest of the Brave." By Miss ELIZA A. DUPUY, author of "Why did he marry her?" "Planter's Daughter," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY, for October. Published by J. L. Peters, New York.

THE XIX CENTURY, for October. Published by the "XIX Century" Company, Charleston, S. C.

OLD AND NEW, for October. Published by Roberts Brothers, 143 Washington street, Boston.

THE ELECTIONS.

We cannot make much out of the elections as we go to press—except as to Philadelphia. The Republicans have elected their ticket in this city by a majority of from one thousand to eight thousand votes—according to the goodness (real or supposed) of their candidates. The negro vote was probably about 4,000. Republican majority last year for Geary, 4,400.

Penn Square has been selected over Washington Square for the City Buildings by over 18,000 majority.

For Congress the following have been chosen:—

1st District—	Randall, D.,	4,148	majority.
3d do.	Creely, Ind. R.,*	920	do.
3d do.	Myers, D.,	1,225	do.
4th do.	Kelley, R.,	2,702	do.
5th do.	Harmer, R.,†	160	do.

*Creely is a Republican, but was also supported by the Democrats.
†This includes Bucks county.

The Republicans have also carried the Legislature by a reduced majority. The last report says, one in the Senate and twelve in the House.

As to the State Congressional tickets, things are so mixed that we prefer to say nothing as yet. Woodward's district, however, Luzerne county, has turned completely over, and given the Republicans a majority of 2,000.

OHIO is reported to have gone for the Republicans by 15,000 majority. Mr. Schenck (Repub.) is reported defeated.

INDIANA is said to have gone for the Democrats by 2,000 majority. The Democrats claim to have carried the Legislature.

COLORADO has elected Chaffee (Repub.) to Congress by 1,392 (official) majority.

NEBRASKA is reported for the Republicans by about 2,500 majority.

☞ The boys of a school at Canton, Massachusetts, recently stoned their young lady teacher so that she died. The boys have not Irish names either, but read as those of the genuine native-born. There is evidently a little room yet left at home for the exertions of the Boston philanthropists.

☞ An Irishman, after enjoying a watermelon for the first time in this country, passed a field of pumpkins, and remarked, if they were so good when green, how much better they must be when ripe!

A Terrible Prophecy.

No event since the fall of Napoleon I. has ever called out so many prophecies and curious calculations as the fall of Napoleon III. If we may believe the numerous tables of figures, which "all add up the same way," it was a sheer impossibility for the late emperor to avoid his fate; and though it is true that the force of some of their figures is weakened by the fact that they were not produced until after the war began, and until the fate of the empire was sealed, still there were others which had been in existence for years. Smucker, in his life of Louis Napoleon, noted that the career of the first Napoleon lasted seventeen years, that the restored Bourbons reigned seventeen years more, that then Louis Philippe reigned seventeen years, and that, by inference, Napoleon III. would reign just seventeen years—as, in fact, he did. This was the simplest of all the arithmetical prophecies, some of them going into details of the age of Eugenie and of Napoleon, the date of their marriage, and so on.

But the most terrible of these prophecies just now is that attributed to the monk D'Orval, who lived several centuries ago, who, it is claimed, traced out distinctly the wonderful career of Napoleon the Great; his overthrow; his return from Elba, and final downfall; the ascent of Louis Napoleon to the throne; the Crimean war and other incidents, ending with the final downfall of Louis Napoleon. What concerns us to note is, that this predicted downfall is effected by a bloody struggle around Paris, in which, says the chronicle, "the Seine becomes red with the blood of the French." After this horrible conflict "a young prince of the old legitimate stock reigns in France with great prosperity and popularity."

The Value of Advertising.

Many a business man is afraid of the expense of advertising, and yet will pay high rents for a prominent store to exhibit his wares, and put up expensive signs, and seems not to know that both are expensive methods of advertising.

The instances of men who have made fortunes by advertising, are too numerous to question; but how have they done it? By exercising good judgment; by knowing how, where, and when to advertise. The whole secret is there. Advertising has become a science—and unless its principles are adhered to, large amounts of money may be expended to no purpose. To advertise successfully, requires more knowledge of the means than most business men possess, and more thought than they have time to bestow upon it. Hence many large houses find it profitable to employ competent men who make it their speciality.

I venture the opinion, that every person experienced in advertising will bear me out in saying, that the business man who controls the sale of an article that supplies an actual want, need not fear to invest largely in advertising, if he does it with intelligent tact and discrimination as to the use of the best means. Under proper circumstances, he cannot fail of realizing a fortune.

Railroad Signals.

The varieties of the "toot" of the locomotive, and gyrations of the arms of the conductors by day, or lanterns by night, are about as intelligent to most people as first-class Choctaw. The following will give the reader a correct idea of their signification:

One whistle—"Down brakes."
Two whistles—"Off brakes."
Three whistles—"Back up."
Continuous whistles—"Danger."

A rapid succession of short whistles is the cattle alarm, at which the brakes will always be put down.

A sweeping parting of hands on level of eyes, is a signal to "go ahead."

A downward motion of the hand, with extended arms, "to stop."

A beckoning motion of one hand, "to back."

A lantern raised and lowered vertically, is a signal for "starting;" swung at right-angles or crossways the track, "to stop;" swung in a circle, "to back the train."

A red flag waved upon the track must be regarded as a signal of danger. So of other signals given with energy.

Hoisted at a station is a signal for a train "to stop."

Stuck up by the roadside, it is a signal of danger on the train ahead.

Carried unfurled upon an engine, is a warning that another engine or train is on its way.

BOYHOOD.—The question of fight is the crucial test of chivalry in boyhood. Mr. Hughes has given us the best portrait of a healthy boyhood that the language affords. His verdict on the justifiableness of fighting is thus given is "Tom Brown;" "Keep out of it if you can, by all means. When the time comes, if ever it should, that you have to say 'yes' or 'no' to a challenge to fight, say 'no,' if you can. . . . But don't say 'no' because you fear a licking, and say or think it's because you fear God; for that's neither Christian nor honest. And, if you *do* fight, fight it out; and don't give in while you can stand or see." It is simply a question of conscience. Shall a boy stand up for what is right and noble? Let him have moral courage enough to repay good for evil; but, when actual violence comes, let him protect himself or a weaker friend with all the power he possesses.

☞ The Paris Journal des Telegraphes says that the velocity of electric currents through the Atlantic cable is 7,000 or 8,000 miles per second. The currents are transmitted through elevated wires on land at a rate varying from 16,000 to 20,000, the velocity being greater the higher the wires are from the earth.

☞ "Mark Twain," by the death of his father-in-law, comes in possession of a million dollars. This, in addition to the fortune accumulated in journalism, will foot up about a million and two hundred dollars.

☞ A SHARP CRITICISM.—A Princeton student preached a sermon on the text, "Felix trembled," and claimed to give what he supposed to have been Paul's discourse. Prof. Alexander, in criticising the performance, said he was sure that the young brother had failed to reproduce Paul's discourse; for if Paul had preached the sermon just listened to, Felix *never would have trembled.*

☞ SAW-MILLS.—Saw-mills were first used in Europe in the fifteenth century. In 1663 a Dutchman built one in England, but the public outcry against it was so vehement that he was soon obliged to decamp; and, for the next hundred years, no one ventured to repeat the experiment. In 1768 a rash adventurer began to erect another mill, but a conservative mob gathered at once, and tore it down.

Unconscious Humor.

Unconscious humor is the real thing. The acme of absurdity can be reached only unintentionally. We have all laughed over Mark Twain weeping at the grave of Adam; he meant it to be funny, and it was funny; but here is something meant to be serious, and yet is funnier than Mark Twain's best. Our extract is from a *bona fide* letter written by an American lady abroad and published in a New York paper. The fair writer makes a pilgrimage to Lacken to visit the resting-place of Malibran, and the guide is showing her the points of interest in the famous cemetery:—

"'Lead me to the tomb of Malibran; it is here somewhere,' I continued.

"With an air of indifference the guide looked about among the tall grass, repeating the word Malibran, as if he had never heard it before, and in about ten minutes stopped before a small statuette, by Beriott, on which was graven simply, 'Malibran.'

"I paused, I gazed, I wept.

"'Was Malibran a relative of yours?' asked the guide.

"'Yes. She was akin to all who love and practise art.'

"'Did you ever see her?'

"'No; she lived before my time. She was a great singer.'

"'And you weep for one whom you never saw?'

"'I weep because I feel the presence of divinity.'

"He turned away with a smile," continues the amiable lady. Well, we don't blame him. Far be it from us to shower reproaches on that poor man.

How Scholars are Made.

Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances, as a man is, under God, the master of his own fortune, so he is master of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect that it can only grow by its own action and free will—it will certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must, therefore, educate himself. His book and teacher are but helps; the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon, in an emergency, all his mental powers in vigorous exercise to effect his proposed object. It is not the man who has seen most, or read most, who can do this; such a one is in danger of being borne down like a beast of burden, by an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is it the man who can boast of native vigor and capacity. The greatest of all warriors in the siege of Troy had the pre-eminence because self-discipline had taught him how to use his bow.—*Daniel Webster.*

TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION WITH THE GARDEN OF EDEN.—A traveller in the east writes that the Garden of Eden is, according to tradition, located at the junction of the Euphrates and Tigris, at an Arab village called Koruch. Scattered along the bank are about two hundred houses, made of reed and thatch, while on the extreme point, where the rivers meet, a shanty has been built for a telegraph station! It is, well says the Churchman, somewhat curious to think of telegraphic despatches being sent to the Garden of Eden; and it removes a certain halo with which our imagination has surrounded the spot. But modern progress has penetrated those countries of the east, which have been long in decay, and they are doubtless destined to undergo a wonderful resurrection.

☞ A Congregational minister of Boston was caught, one day last week, swearing at a cow that had kicked over a pail of milk. On being reprimanded for his profanity, he said he only swore on such occasions, and thought he should have to give up being a Christian, or else trade off that cow.

☞ "I can tell you how to save that horse," said a darkey to a man who was looking very earnestly at the skeleton of a horse attached to a vehicle heavily loaded with oysters. "Will you?—say on." "Why, just slip him away while the crows are at roost."

☞ A western editor announces that he is pained to hear that a dear friend of his has just gone to heaven. Probably he fears he shall never meet him again.

☞ At Newark, N. J., various manufacturers are making a substitute for woollen cloth out of bamboo cane.

☞ Mr. William Prescott Smith, manager of the Air Line between New York and Washington, in a speech delivered at the recent railroad celebration at St. Louis, put to his enthusiastic hearers the following significant conundrum:—"Where is the Great American Desert that I read of when a boy, and that my schoolmaster showed me in the geography?" Every man in the audience forthwith had recourse to his pocket geography (railroad men always carry a geography in their pockets,) but not one of them could solve the puzzle. Presently a voice from the rear of the hall shouted: "Put up your books, gentlemen. You can't find the Great American Desert there. *It was stolen by the 'land grabbers' during the last session of Congress.*" Smith promptly offered the man a situation on his railroad.

☞ What a glorious world this would be, if all its inhabitants could say, with Shakspeare's shepherd:—"Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn what I wear; I owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good; content with my farm."

☞ A fashionable but ignorant lady wanted a costly camel's hair shawl, but her husband bought her a cheap imitation article. On examining it she found the name of the manufacturer on one corner, and wanted to know what that was. "That?" said the husband. "Oh, that's the name of the camel of whose hair the shawl was made!" The wife takes great pride in her shawl, and has no doubt of its genuineness.

☞ The painter wasn't more than a mile out of the way when he made the druggist's sign read:—"Physicians' prescriptions carefully *confounded.*"

☞ Thirty-two thousand voters refused to vote in the Papal States at the recent election.

☞ Monsieur and Madame Prudhomme had heard much talk of works for the fortifications of Paris. "Joseph, my dear, do you intend to go to the ramparts?" "I have been already, Madame." "You don't understand me; will you be there when the Prussians come to Paris?" "Gabrielle," said M. Prudhomme, with immense solemnity, "learn that your husband felt bound in honor to precede those vandals!"

☞ When the English were good Catholics they usually drank the Pope's health in a full glass after dinner:—*Au bon pere;* whence the word bumper.

☞ A gentleman in Illinois who estimated that he was damaged $5,000 by being run through another gentleman's threshing machine, has finally compromised for $300.

☞ Dr. Livingstone relates that in African forests birds are mute during the intense light and heat of noonday. But if a shower rises, with the falling drops bursts forth the oratorio of wild songs, filling the solitude with music.

☞ The Empress Eugenie recently sent a letter to the Emperor concerning her reception in England. She states that all official recognition of her presence has been postponed at her own request. Nothing could be tenderer than her treatment.

☞ The Providence Press says that one of the census enumerators in that city put down in his list, twins, opposite the names of two children, and against the first he designated Providence as the birthplace. The thick-headed men in Washington sent the list back to have the deficiency accounted for. What they wanted to know was—where that other twin was born.

☞ The most stylish weddings to take place this winter are to be managed in the simplest and plainest manner, with no bridesmaids, groomsmen, or ushers, and no reception.

☞ In American archæology the remains of the Aztec civilization have always occupied the most prominent place. Additional evidences of the past greatness of these Indians have recently come to light in the vicinity of Santa Fe. Governor Arny, the special Indian agent for that territory, has found the Canyon de Chelly, which was explored for twenty miles. In this hitherto *terra incognita* were discovered wonderful ruins of Aztec cities which must have contained thousands of inhabitants. Some of the ruins are reported to be stone buildings, seven and eight stories in height, and showing knowledge of architecture, manufactures, and the use of edged tools on the part of their builders.

☞ Miss Lena Kendall, of Kosciusko county, Indiana, recently won a wager of $50 by walking 18 miles in less than five hours.

☞ Dr. Sandwith, who is acting in the Prussian army on behalf of the British Society for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded, says in a recent letter:—"Had it not been for the enormous civil volunteer help in this war, the horrors of it would have appalled humanity; but the Dutch, Belgian, English, Swiss, and all, have sent aid in many forms." Thus humanity gradually makes headway, and assuages somewhat the horrors of war.

☞ All political creeds are apt to resolve themselves into the old moss-trooper's formula—"Grab a' ye may, an' fire the rest!"

☞ A negro poet of Memphis has reduced the Fifteenth Amendment and the Enforcement Bill to rhyme as follows:—

It is a sin to steal a pin,
A crime to cut a throat—
But a darned sight bigger to stop a nigger
From putting in his vote.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—3000 bbls at $4,50@5,00 for superfine; $5,00@6 for extra; $6,50@6,75 for Penna family; $6,50@7,00 for Ohio and Indiana family; and $7,25@8,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. 400 bbls Rye Flour sold at $5,50.

GRAIN—50,000 bus sold at $1,26@1,28 for Indiana red; @1,15@1,20 for Delaware red; $1,25@1,27 for Penna red; $1,40@1,45 for Western amber; $1,30@1,33 for Iowa spring, and $1,45@1,55 ₩ bus for white. Rye—1800 bus sold at 90@92c ₩ bus for Penna. Corn—Sales of 65,000 bus at 87@93c for Western yellow; 90@95c for Penna yellow, and 87@90c for white. Oats—75,000 bus sold at 50@53c for white. Barley—4000 bus sold at $1,08.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $26@26,50, clear at $30, and extraprime at $22. Mess Beef is steady at $20,50@23 ₩ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $32@35. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 20@23c; Excelsior hams at 23c; sides at 17@18c, and shoulders at 14½@14¾c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 18@19c; sides at 14c, and shoulders, in salt, at 13@13½c. Lard—Sales of 450 bbls and tierces at 11@11½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 13@17c; Penna stone packed at 20@24c, and Bradford county at 40@45c. Eggs—Sales at 25@26c ₩ dozen. Cheese sells at 14½@15c ₩ lb.

COTTON—300 bales of middlings sold at 16@16½c ₩ lb for upland and 16@16½c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron at $27 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark at $16@22 ₩ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX at 22@23c ₩ lb for yellow.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—Sales at 8¼@8c for Apples, and 7¼@8¼c ₩ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $1,50@2,50 ₩ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay ₩ 100 lbs, $1,20@1,21; mixed, $1,10@1,15; Straw, 1,30@1,35.

HOPS—Sales at 10@23c.

IRON—Pig Iron—No 1 sold at $32; No 2 is quoted at $30@31. Bar Iron sells at $82,50@85 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig sells at 32@34,50 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—300 bus sold at $6,25@6,75 Timothy—Sales of 200 bus are reported at $4,75@5 Flaxseed at $2,15.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3118 head. The prices realized from 8½@8¾ cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $50 to 65 ₩ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 4@5½c ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $11,00 to 12,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

Interesting to Ladies.

"I have had a Grover & Baker Family Sewing Machine for ten years, and would not give it for any other machine that I now know of. It has never been out of repair. For embroidering it far surpasses any other machine I have ever seen, and for quilting I don't think there is any machine that can equal it."—*Mrs. T. A. Daniel, Frankfort, Ky.*

The Universal Wringer has been in use in our family for years, giving entire satisfaction. We speak whereof we know when we say it is one of the best labor-saving machines ever invented, having several points of superiority over any wringer we have examined.—*New York Liberal Christian, April 2d, 1870.*

What is Quillaya Saponaria?

It is a tree, the bark of a Chilian tree, which yields, when macerated, a fragrant vegetable soap with cleansing and antiputrescent properties not possessed by any other vegetable production. This bark is a prominent constituent of the celebrated SOZODONT, the most popular dental preparation ever introduced in America.

"SPALDING'S GLUE," stickiest thing out.

Stealing from Old Neptune.

The patent method by which Carrageen or Irish Moss is converted into SEA MOSS FARINE, is a very laborious and complicated one. The raw material is first deprived of its bitterness by repeated washings. It is then carefully picked over by hand and desiccated—in other words, deprived of all moisture—after which it is passed through a series of mills and other apparatus, by which it is cleansed from every impurity, and pulverized and concentrated, without being robbed of its refreshing ocean flavor. Having been thus manipulated and put up in convenient packages, it is ready for conversion into such blanc mange, puddings, creams, gruels, cream pies, soups, sauces, &c., as are not producible with any other material, however expensive.

People with Thin Heads of Hair

Should use "*London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing,*" to make it grow thick and strong. It will restore gray hair to its natural color and as a dressing is absolute perfection. Clear and nicely perfumed. Soils nothing. Price 75 cents. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 830 North Sixth st., Philadelphia, and all dealers. aug27-eowtf

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH
BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND
WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND
BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
SECURED TO ALL.
RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN
RESOLVENT HAS MADE
THE MOST
ASTONISHING CURES.
SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE
CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES
UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS
TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE,
THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN
FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the
Eyes, Nose, Mouth,

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head,
Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and

Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

A Torpid System.

Sometimes, without any assignable cause, the physical strength and animal spirits give way, and a strange torpor falls alike on the body and intellect. There is little or no pain perhaps, but the natural vigor and elasticity of the nervous and muscular system seems to have departed, and an indifference to the pleasures of life, and even of its grave responsibilities, takes the place of that earnest interest in both which characterizes every well-balanced mind when in a healthy condition. This state of partial collapse is often the premonitory symptoms of some serious malady. It indicates unmistakably that the vital powers are languishing and need a stimulant. In such cases the effect of a few doses of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is wonderfully beneficial. The great tonic wakes up the system from its drowse. The secretions and the circulation receive a new impetus. The relaxed nerves recover their elasticity under the operations of the specific, like the slackened strength of a musical instrument in the process of tuning.—Lethargy and debility are replaced by energy and vigor, the spirits rise, and life that almost seemed a burden while the season of depression lasted, becomes once more enjoyable. That such a radical change should be produced by a remedy entirely devoid of the powerful alkalies and minerals so extensively used in modern practice, may seem incredible to those who pin their faith on the medicinal efficacy of active poisons, but if these skeptics will take the trouble to inquire of those who have tested the corrective and alterative virtues of the Bitters under the circumstances described, they will find the statement to be true. oct1-5t

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co. 41 South 6th st., Philadelphia, Pa. my21-6m

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York. oct1-tf

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sep4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th of Oct., by the Rev. T. W. Simpers, ANDREW WEIS to Miss AMELIA ENDERISS, both of this city.

On the 1st of June, 1870, by the Rev. T. W. Simpers, Mr. CHARLES WEIS to Miss JOANNA WILLIAMS, both of this city.

On the 23d of Sept., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. SAMUEL HOLLAND to Miss LIZZIE THOMAS, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Wm. T. Eva, Mr. JOHN H. HUBBERT to Miss MARY E. EINWECHTEN both of this city.

On the 8th of Sept., by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr EDWARD IDLER to Miss ANNETTE YERGER, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. MARLON REEVES to Miss SOPHIA C. GARDINER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, SARAH PAINTER, in her 70th year.

On the 10th instant, SARAH G. DURBOROW, aged 72 years.

On the 10th instant, Mr. WILLIAM HARLEY, in his 75th year.

On the 10th instant, Miss MARGARET SMYTH, in her 65th year.

On the 9th instant, PETER RITTENHOUSE, in his 73d year.

On the 9th instant, CYRUS HARTING, in his 41st year.

On the 9th instant, JAMES GARRISON, in his 64th year.

On the 8th instant, SARAH A. HASKELL, in her 74th year.

On the 7th instant, CHARLES G. CARPENTER, in his 34th year.

TELL ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS THAT

The Publishers of The Saturday Evening Post Offer

3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

As follows: We began an admirable Novelet called

LEONIE'S MYSTERY,

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

in the paper of October 8th—and we shall commence the subscriptions of all

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

for 1871, with that date, until the large extra edition of the papers containing the early chapters of the story shall be exhausted. This will be

THIRTEEN PAPERS,

IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

When our extra edition is exhausted, the names of all **NEW** subscribers for 1871 will be entered on our list the very week they are received.

Of course those who send in their names early, will receive the whole number of extra papers.

We EXPECT to have enough extra papers to supply all comers—but it will be most prudent not to delay in sending on subscriptions.

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Club Terms:

One copy (and the Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50.	
2 copies,	$4.00
4 "	6.00
5 " (and one extra)	8.00
8 " (and one extra)	12.00
11 " (and one extra)	16.00
14 " (and one extra)	20.00
One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND,	4.00

Every person getting up a Club will receive the Premium Engraving—and for Clubs of 5 and over both the Premium Engraving and an Extra paper.

While we offer thus a special inducement to NEW subscribers, our OLD subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and the ease of getting up their clubs—**And it is thus to their interest, as we hope it is to their kindly feeling, to speak a good word for us to their friends.**

Our **NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING** for next year is a beautiful plate called "**The Sisters.**" It is engraved on steel, by the celebrated English engraver, **G. F. Doo**—one of the three or four best engravers in the world—after a painting by the renowned artist, **Sir Thomas Lawrence.** It is of medium size (for greater convenience in framing) but is a superior engraving to any heretofore issued by us, being a perfect GEM OF ART.

This beautiful picture (or one of "Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his Library," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club!*

☞ *Club Subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra.* To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars.*

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Cannot each of you, taking advantage of the above liberal offers, make up a Club of four or more NEW subscribers? To the getter-up of every Club we send our beautiful new Premium Engraving "THE SISTERS," (or either of our other Premium Engravings); and to the getter up of a Club of five or over, an extra copy of THE POST, (or of THE LADY'S FRIEND) besides. Where the Clubs are composed of both old and new subscribers, the latter should have the word "new" written opposite their names. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained (even when the lists, if large, are not full,) in order that the forwarding of the paper to the new subscribers may not be delayed.

Special Offer of Lady's Friend.
TWO MONTHS FOR NOTHING!

All NEW Subscribers (single or in clubs) to THE LADY'S FRIEND who send on their subscriptions by the first of November, shall receive the November and December numbers of the present year in addition—making 14 months in all! And those sending their names by the first of December, shall receive the magnificent December Holiday number, making *thirteen months in all!*

OVER THE RIVER.

BY MRS. A. C. WAKEFIELD.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of Heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see,
Over the river—over the river—
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet:
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom barque—
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river—the mystic river—
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale—
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
Who cross the stream, and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart,
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barques no more
May sail with us over life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail—
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand.
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before;
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river—the peaceful river—
The angel of death shall carry me.

NOTE.—The author of the above beautiful verses recently went "over the river."

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

No. 18.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

Oil—Seething a Kid in His Mother's Milk.

There is scarcely a precept of the Jewish law that has been so variously understood as that which prohibits the *seething of a kid in his mother's milk*, nor one that to us seems so meaningless.

In many eastern languages and countries, the term *milk* is used to include all that is produced therefrom, i. e., curd, butter, cream, &c.; and to this day there is all over the East the very strongest prejudice against the use of butter and milk in dressing any animal food. Whether this prejudice had its foundation in Jewish tradition, it is impossible now to ascertain with any degree of certainty. But it is undoubtedly true that the use of butter is almost or quite ignored in all Oriental lands that are adequately supplied with good *oil;* and that eastern people generally have a positive loathing for food dressed with *milk* or *butter* in any form. They regard the use of milk and all its products, by *adults*, as a mark of effeminacy, since it is the recognised and most appropriate nourishment for young children; and for a *male* especially, after maturity, to adopt its general use, would be, in their eyes, to encourage habits of luxurious effeminacy inconsistent with manly courage and hardihood.

It may be, and this opinion has the strong support of Michaelis, that the Hebrew word rendered "milk" by our translators, means *butter*, figuratively at least, as derived from milk; and that the simple meaning of the command is a prohibition of the use of butter in dressing meats. The *object* of such an interdict may have been to render *oil* an absolute necessity to the Israelites; thus obliging them to turn their attention to the cultivation of the excellent olive trees in which their new country abounded; effectually preventing any desire to go back to Egypt, where the olive is but partially cultivated, and at the same time changing the character of these Jews from that of wandering, nomadic shepherds, to a settled agricultural people. All these objects would be most effectually promoted by forbidding the use of *butter and milk* in the preparation of their food, since the general adoption of *oil* as an article of food would soon render a plentiful supply an absolute necessity to their daily comfort; and the cultivation of the olive would compel a civilized life. This view is certainly authorized by the habits of the present day, since the Arabs are the only oriental race, so far as we know, that use butter and milk in the preparation of their food, and their nomade life, as well as the sterility of their soil, renders the production of *oil* to any considerable extent an impossibility.

There is, however, yet another view of this subject, which also seems to have the countenance of Oriental usage. This is the supposition that the interdict against seething a kid in its mother's milk relates simply to the *age* of the animal, forbidding its use for food *until after the weaning has taken place.* And so strong is the prejudice of Orientals on this point, that many of them regard the young of all animals as unclean until separated from the dam; and not only is their use as food forbidden, but priests and all those devoted to a religious vocation are expressly enjoined *not to touch a child that is still nursing;* and if by any accident they chance to do so, they are inevitably polluted thereby.

The supply of oil throughout the East is usually very abundant, and the quality excellent, while a cutting off of the regular supply is deemed a misfortune second only to a failure of the bread or rather *rice crops.* The olive, the cocoanut, and some other species of the palm yield it plentifully, and hence probably its general adoption for all purposes, where, among occidental nations, butter or lard would be called into requisition. Oil, especially that of the olive, either in its liquid form, or as an unguent, is deemed of special value for healing wounds, and indeed sores of all sorts; and it forms the basis of all their medicinal ointments.

In this connection may be mentioned the custom found among many uncivilized tribes of using the branches of the olive as emblems of peace and good-will, just as they have been adopted by Western nations for the same purpose. Capt. Cook found them thus employed by the savages of the South Sea Islands; and we can account for the use of this common symbol by people on opposite sides of the globe, only by tracing back the tradition to the early ages of the world, when all the races of men formed but one family.

Throughout the Scriptures the allusions to oil are frequent and varied—some of them literal, many more symbolical. Bread dipped in oil has always been in Palestine and the neighboring countries a common article of food. It seems to be thus alluded to in the mention of the household supplies given by Solomon to Hiram, King of Tyre, (1 Kings vii.) and again in the touching narrative of the widow of Zarephath, whose "handful of meal, and little oil in the cruse," wasted not during all those terrible days of famine, till rain came again to the parched ground and thirsty fields (1 Kings xvii.)

An infusion of fragrant flowers renders the ordinary olive oil a "precious ointment," used for anointing both the living and the dead; and it is thus spoken of by the sacred historian, in regard to Mary's loving ministration to our Lord, before his passion. That act of tender love that seemed to touch every sympathetic cord of the gentle sufferer's human heart, and served, doubtless, to soothe the fearful agony of his last hour, as the treachery of Judas seemed to augment it.

The Hebrews used oil abundantly in their sacrifices, as well as in anointing their kings and priests, the tabernacle and its furniture; but for the priests there was a *sacred oil*, compounded with crimson, calamus, cassia, and myrrh, prepared exclusively for this purpose. From this ancient usage, may have arisen the custom that prevails, especially in Catholic Europe, of anointing kings and pontiffs.

Oil, as a pomade, was in vogue among the Israelites, as it still is all over the East. Hair, beard, and even feet—sometimes the whole body—are carefully anointed after every ablution. It is thus alluded to in Eccl. ix. 8, and elsewhere.

Symbolically, oil is spoken of as the synonyme of plenty; as Job, in referring to the prosperity of his first condition, says: "The rock poured me out rivers of oil." (Job xxix. 6;) and Moses says of God's care of Israel: "He made him to suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock"—(Deut. xxxii. 13.)

Oil is used also as a figure to indicate *fertility* in a field or vineyard, as in Hab. iii. 17—where its failure is supposed to imply sterility, and consequent want. But perhaps more frequently than as any other, is oil used as the synonyme of *gladness* of heart, as in Ps. xlv. 7; and again in Is. lxi. 3, where one of the officers of the Messiah is indicated as giving "the oil of joy for mourning."

All of these allusions seem simple and natural to an Oriental reader; and their striking imagery is rife with untold interest to the ardent and enthusiastic minds of those who dwell in the sunny lands of the East, and draw from its burning skies and cloudless sunshine their vivid fancies and brilliant imagination. To such the Bible has a thousand charms by us unseen, and their inmost souls drink deep of its sparkling fountains, and streams of living water.

Why Lace is Costly.

Many people wonder why what is termed real lace—as lace made by hand is called, to distinguish it from that made by machine, which is called imitation—is so costly. The following paragraph from a foreign exchange explains the reason:—

"The manufacture of lace is carried to its highest perfection in Belgium. The finest specimen of Brussels lace is so complicated as to require the labor of seven persons on one piece, and each operative is employed at distinct features of the work. The thread used is of exquisite fineness, which is spun in dark underground rooms where it is sufficiently moist to prevent the thread from separating. It is so delicate as scarcely to be seen, and the room is so arranged that all the light admitted shall fall upon the work. It is such material that renders the genuine Brussels ground so costly. On a piece of Valenciennes not two inches wide, from two to three hundred bobbins are sometimes used, and for the larger width as many as eight hundred, on the same pillow. The most valuable Valenciennes is determined by the number of times the bobbins have been twisted in making the ground; the more frequent the twists the clearer and more beautiful will be the lace. Belgium annually sells of this lace alone to the value of over $4,000,000. Chantilly lace is always black, and is used chiefly for veils and flounces. It is very fine, and is extensively worn. Mechlin lace is made at Mechlin, Antwerp, and other localities."

The Poet Whittier.

The editor of the Evangelist had an interview with the poet Whittier on his recent visit to New York, and says of him: "Friend Whittier is a genuine Quaker of the 'Orthodox' school; and some of his devotional poems, such as 'My Soul and I' and 'The Cross,' breathe a deep and tender spirituality. Underneath his Quaker sobriety plays a shy, genial humor which reminds us of Charles Lamb. When describing the usage of the drab-coated brethren in regard to those who speak too often in meeting, and not always to edification, he told us of a certain 'meeting' in New England which passed and recorded the following resolution: 'It is the sense of this meeting that George C. be advised to remain silent until such time as the Lord shall speak through him to our satisfaction."

☞ At the Dodge county (Wisconsin) fair there was exhibited a young lady, sixteen years of age, with snow white hair and pink eyebrows.

Eccentricity of Genius.

Vivier, the celebrated horn player, is one of those men of whom anecdotes are told—an eccentric insister upon having his own way, and his own way being whimsically peculiar.

In England he made a great sensation with his first concert, and invitations to play at private parties were a necessary sequent. On the day after, accordingly, a noble lord called upon the artist, and giving a pull to his cravat in the English fashion of a salute, he said in his bad French—"You must come to-morrow evening, and play for the Duchess of Sutherland."

Vivier looked steadily at the nobleman, and said, with a significant gesture—"Take off your hat!"

"What?" asked the visitor.

"Take off your hat!"

"Ah! in England we have the custom of keeping our hats on."

"Take off your hat!"

Yielding to the pertinacity of these three words, which the artist would have gone on repeating thirty times if it had been necessary, the nobleman took off his hat, and said once more:—"You must come to-morrow evening, and play for the Duchess of Sutherland!"

"You speak French very badly," replied the artist. "Instead of that impolite phrase, you should have said, 'The Duchess wishes very much to hear you play, and she has requested me to inquire whether you will do her the pleasure of coming to the party which she proposes to give to-morrow evening.'"

"Ah! but in England we express it the other way."

"Very possibly—but unless you express it in the better way I have described to you, I shall take no notice of the invitation."

The Englishman, evidently very angry, repeated the invitation as directed.

"I am happy to accept the invitation of the Duchess," said the artist.

"They will give ten pounds," added the nobleman.

"There, again, is an ill-bred manner of treating the subject," said Vivier; "I should have made no bargain in advance, and should have left it to the discretion of the Duchess; but since you have so unceremoniously overstepped the barrier, permit me to say that ten pounds is not enough."

"Ah! but in England we only give ten pounds to an instrumentalist. To singers, like Grisi or Mario, we give fifteen."

"I shall not play for any price less than twenty-five pounds sterling."

"Do you know," said the Englishman, knitting his brow, "twenty-five pounds are six hundred and thirty-five francs of your money?"

"My price, notwithstanding."

"Well, you shall have it. But do your best, and be punctual."

"I shall be ready when the Duchess's carriage calls for me," replied Vivier.

"Eh? do you expect a carriage to be sent for you? It is not the custom in England."

"I am very sorry—but I do not ride in hackney coaches, and if madam, the duchess, does not choose to send her own carriage for me, I shall not go!"

"Very well," said the Englishman, looking perfectly amazed, but submitting, in spite of himself, to the tone of authority and dignified manners which the artist assumed; "the carriage shall be sent for you."

At nine the next evening, punctually drove up the duchess's chariot with its footman in livery, and Vivier was received with very unusual politeness—a result, evidently, of the description of his manners given by her grace's envoy. From that time the vogue of the eccentric horn-player became triumphant.

Blondes and Brunettes.

If the Graces were fair, the Muses were dark; so were Juno, Andromeda, Sappho, and Cleopatra—

"A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold."

Descending to modern times, we find the dark-haired competing very nearly, if not quite, on equal terms with the light or fair; and that, excluding a brief exceptional period, the rival tints or complexions were equally popular is proved by the fashion of wearing differently colored hair by turns.

Agnes Sorel, Diane de Poitiers, Gabrielle, d'Estrees, almost all the female celebrities of the Fronde (including the Duchess of Longueville,) Ninon de l'Enclos, and La Valliere, were *blondes.* So was Paul de Toulouse, who was followed by so tumultuous a crowd of admirers whenever she went abroad, as to compel the interference of the magistrates to keep them off. But these sagacious magistrates knew the human heart too well not to solicit and obtain, by way of compensation, from the complacency of the idol, that she should submit to the soft compulsion of appearing in public twice a week. Marie Mancini, the first serious love of Louis XIV., and Madame de Maintenon, the last, were dark. Modern poets and romance writers have made their heroines light and dark, according to the exigencies of fiction as requiring either gay or grave characters; or have aimed at effect by contrasts, like Minna and Brenda in "The Pirate," Flora M'Ivor and Rose Bradwardine in "Waverley," or Corinne and Lucile in Madame de Stael's masterpiece.

"Some one, I forget who," remarks M. Feuillet de Conches, "was foolish enough to say that a brown woman is but a softened or effeminate boy. He must have been in a bad humor when he gave utterance to so gratuitous an affront." The practice of tinting statues, as revived by Mr. Gibson, if it really prevailed among the ancients, may be cited as a strong proof of their preference for fair yellow, or *blonde.*

Mortally Wounded.

In a Bavarian camp before Metz, a sudden shot was heard, on a very dark night, and rumors of a French sortie were rife. The officer of the pickets visited the outpost who had fired, and asked him the cause. "A Frenchman was crawling up to me on his hands and knees." "Did you challenge him before firing, and what answer did he make?" "Yes, I did, but he only said 'Oui! Oui!' and kept coming on; so I fired!" The ground in the vicinity was immediately and carefully patrolled, and before long the unfortunate "Oui, Oui" was discovered, mortally wounded. He was raised on his hind legs amid shouts of laughter, and proved to be a very fine and very wild boar!"

☞ The California Chinese are making the most encouraging progress in civilization. Two of them fought a duel the other day.

INCOMPLETENESS.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

Nothing resting in its own completeness
Can have worth or beauty; but alone
Because it leads and tends to further sweetness,
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

Spring's real glory dwells not in the morning,
Gracious though it be, of her blue hours;
But is hidden in her tender leaning
To the summer's richer wealth of flowers.

Dawn is fair because the mists fade slowly
Into day, which floods the world with light;
Twilight's mystery is so sweet and holy
Just because it ends in starry night.

Childhood's smiles unconscious graces borrow
From strife that in a far-off future lies;
And angel glances (veiled now by life's sorrow)
Draw our hearts to some beloved eyes.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Toward a truer, deeper life above;
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love.

Learn the mystery of progression duly,
Do not call each glorious change decay;
But know we only hold our treasures truly
When it seems as if they passed away.

Nor dare to blame God's gifts for incompleteness;
In that they want their beauty lies. They roll
Toward some infinite depth of love and sweetness,
Bearing onward man's reluctant soul.

The Wisdom of the Egyptians.

We moderns are accustomed to pooh, pooh a good deal at people so unfortunate as to live before this nineteenth century—but just think what some of these remote people and times did manage to find out, and accomplish for themselves. There was Egypt, oldest and wisest of the nations, what a record for her is being deciphered these last fifty years of her past.

What did the old Egyptian know about the oldest of the arts, about farming? He knew how to manage his great river, the one source of moisture and fertility in that climate, so as to turn the desert beyond its banks into a garden, and make Egypt a storehouse and granary for the surrounding nations. He built reservoirs so huge as to retain sufficient water from the overflowing river to feed it when it subsided—a lake four hundred and fifty miles around and three hundred feet deep—and this fitted up with a skillful system of flood-gates, dams, and locks. These were waterworks on a stupendous scale truly.

As to what he knew about building, who has not heard of his pyramids? those vast masses, some of which were old in the time of Abraham, and yet built with such faithfulness and skill, that the masonry is still perfect. He knew how to quarry and move huge blocks of stone, ninety feet in length, and then cover them with accurate and beautiful chiselling. The whole land was full of these wonderful statues, obelisks, tombs, and temples.

About manufacturing. He knew how to weave linen so fine that each separate thread was composed of three hundred and sixty-five small threads twisted together. He knew how to dye it in purple, and blue, and scarlet, and how to embroider it. He knew how to get iron and copper from the mines at Sinai, and how to make useful tools of them when obtained.

But what did he know about science? He understood geometry, well enough at least for land surveying. He understood the rotundity of the earth, the sun's central place in the solar system, the obliquity of the ecliptic. He could foretell eclipses, the positions of the planets, the true length of the year. They had found out a method of notation—two of them indeed—the decimal and the duodecimal. As for chemistry, its very name (from Chemi, which means Egypt,) tells us where it was first studied. No wonder that the Egyptians got the reputation among their more ignorant neighbors of being magicians. As for books, the old Egyptians made paper, and wrote on it, and we have now papyrus rolls made in the time of the early Pharoahs; but he went on further to turn his buildings, his obelisks, even his coffins into books, by inscribing them with histories and biographies; by representing on them through paintings and sculpture, all his occupations, and beliefs, his hopes, and fears.

One asks in wonder where he got all this knowledge. Ancient Greece went to him for it, just as the American goes to Germany. We can trace the germs at least of our science and art to nations removed from us by ages; but whom did the Egyptians learn from? Were these sons of Ham the first to develope to such a marvellous degree the arts of life? Did they find out by original observation, what has been transmitted to us? And through what remote antiquity were they slowly accumulating the experience which qualified them to establish such stable institutions, such settled traditions, such attainments in science and art?

No one can tell. At a point beyond our farthest traditions, her records show her to us, rich, powerful, cultivated, skillful. Of the long ages before she was able to record her changes, time has long obliterated all traces. The world had long forgotten all about her, till the researches of the last half century brought to light her long buried life. Strange enough it is to be brought face to face with the monuments of a civilization compared to which all European history is but of yesterday—which was old in the days of Abraham—and to find there so much in common with our own.—*Germantown Chronicle.*

☞ The last decree of the Empress, issued at the Palace of St. Cloud, was to the effect that no trained skirts would be admitted upon any visitors during the summer season. That it having been signified to her that long skirts interfered with ease and comfort in walking, and "it being the business of a mistress of a house, and especially of a sovereign, to promote the happiness and well-being of her guests and subjects, we therefore do decree that none but short dresses and costumes shall enter St. Cloud." This set all the dress-makers of Paris to work upon short costumes, until the war deprived them of their occupation.

Modern Superstitions.

Superstitions have not altogether disappeared even among those reputed to be well educated. We do not refer to the still too numerous class who can neither read nor write, and who may be made to believe almost anything, provided it is told them on what they suppose to be good authority. We allude, on the contrary, to the better classes, who have had the full advantage of an American school education. Among these, we shall find thousands who believe in the most absurd assertions, not so much, perhaps, in the field of natural history as was formerly the case, but in that of natural philosophy or physics.

A recent notion was, that the likeness of a murderer could be found photographed inside the eye of his victim. Of course, such an idea could only arise in the brain of a person utterly ignorant of photography or anatomy, and unaware of the complexity of conditions of which a complete and regular succession is required in order to make a photographic image a possibility. Notwithstanding this, the idea had taken such a complete possession of the public mind that, in a recent murder case in New York, a scientific expert was required publicly to declare, at the post-mortem examination, that no image had been found in the eye of the victim! Still more: about two years ago, it was published in the English papers, that a photograph being taken of a murdered person there, the image of the murderer was visible, by means of the microscope, in the eyes of the photographic portrait. This fact was republished here, and went the rounds of the press as a most marvellous new phenomenon, till Dr. Van der Weyde pointed out in the New York Herald, that the miniature image of the photographer himself, with his whole apparatus, is always reflected in the eye of the person before him, whose picture he is taking; that this small image may be photographed, and, under favorable circumstances, might become visible in the picture by means of a magnifying glass; that in a living person, by reason of the convexity of the cornea, it will be exceedingly small, but that in the flattened eye of a dead body it will be larger. He adds that, "In the case in question, probably some irregular reflections, made by the partially collapsed cornea of the dead body, resembled accidentally the figure of a man, fancifully supposed to be that of the murderer."

Quite recently we had a new marvel. It was published that a crime had been pictured on a pane of glass in a window; and this brought out a communication in one of our dailies, to the effect that the writer "had seen a spy-glass, long used by a surveyor in the West, in the bushes, which had the photograph or daguerreotype of the branches and leaves on the object-glass. This picture could not be rubbed off, as it was inside the glass." The writer asked an explanation from the scientific world how these branches got photographed, and suggested that this phenomenon is similar to those we have spoken of above.

Now, the explanation is very simple. The object-glass of a good telescope is made of two glasses, one flint and one crown, cemented together with Canada balsam. When, by hard usage, knocks, etc., the glasses, in the course of time, get loose in their cells, they separate slightly, and the air gets into the balsam which unites them, penetrates in all directions, and causes the remaining balsam to run together as branches and leaves, no matter where the telescope has been used, and even if it has not been used at all, provided, by some cause or other, the glasses have been loosened. This is by no means an uncommon defect in telescopes, as is well known to those opticians who occupy themselves with repairs. The remedy is, simply to take the glasses apart, clean them, and place a new layer of balsam between them. Opera-glasses are especially liable to show these leaf-like appearances, as they are often knocked about when carried in the pocket.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

The Blue Grotto of Capri.

Any notice of Capri would be incomplete without a word about the Blue Grotto. The entrance from the sea is so narrow, that the persons in the boat must lie down; but as soon as that is passed, you enter into fairy-land. The water, clear to the bottom, is of an exquisite celestial blue, which is reflected from the calcareous rocks in their pure whiteness. It is a palace of turquoise, built above a sapphire lake. The drops of water from the oars sparkle like pearls with a blue tinge. The effect on the body is most singular; the part under water of a swimmer is silvery white, with blue shadows round the muscles; whilst the head and neck, which are out of the water, are of a bronze color, looking like an alabaster statue with a bronze head. It is certainly one of the most beautiful natural curiosities in the world. A fisherman was the first to discover it in 1822, though there are some indications that it was known to the ancients. Much has been written as to the cause of so singular a phenomenon; perhaps the most plausible is, that owing to the peculiar form of the entrance, the sea is saturated with light, which is shut up within, and throws its rays to the farthest depths of the vault. In another part of the coast, there is a grotto where the color is that of pale green; it is very similar to its neighbor, but not quite equal in beauty.

Instruction in Prussia.

Prussia excels all other countries in the completeness of her system of national education. Reading and writing are given to every child in her borders, with very rare exceptions. An adequate number of schools are established in all parts of the kingdom, and all children, from the age of five years, are required by law to attend at these national schools eight years, unless under instruction elsewhere. There are three grades of schools—1. The elementary, which the great majority of the people attend. 2. The city school, which is always attached to a gymnasium. 3. The gymnasium, which has a course of six or seven years, including Latin, Greek, philosophy, mathematics, religion, German, French, English, singing, etc. The universities of Berlin, Halle, Bonn, etc., furnish higher instruction to those who are able to pass rigorous examinations. In addition, there are real schools for training scholars destined for a mercantile career; normal schools, in almost all towns, for the culture of teachers; Sunday-schools, for tuition in the catechism, Biblical and church history; special technical schools, of agriculture, horticulture, forestry, navigation, architecture, engineering and mining, construction in wood and metal, weaving and dyeing, and trades of all sorts.—*Educational Gazette.*

THE GRAY HAIR.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

Come, let me pluck that silver hair
  Which mid thy clustering curls I see;
The withering type of Time or Care,
  Hath nothing sure to do with thee!

Years have not yet impaired the grace
  That charmed me once, that charms me now;
And Envy's self-love cannot trace
  One wrinkle on thy placid brow!

Thy features have not lost the bloom
  That brightened them when first we met:
No! rays of softest light illume
  Thy unambitious beauty yet;

And if the passing clouds of Care
  Have cast their shadows o'er thy face,
They have but left triumphant there
  A holier charm, more witching grace!

And if thy voice has sunk a tone,
  And sounds more sadly than of yore,
It hath a sweetness all its own
  Methinks I never marked before!

Thus, young, and fair, and happy too,
  If bliss indeed may here be won,
In spite of all that Care can do,
  In spite of all that Time hath done,

Is yon white hair a boon of love
  To thee in mildest mercy given—
A sign, a token from above,
  To lead thy thoughts from earth to heaven?

To speak to thee of life's decay;
  Of beauty hastening to the tomb;
Of hopes that cannot fade away;
  Of joys that never lose their bloom?

Or springs the line of timeless snow
  With those dark, glossy locks entwined,
Mid youth's and beauty's morning glow,
  To emblem thy maturer mind?

It does, it does! Then let it stay;
  Even Wisdom's self were welcome now.
Who'd wish her sobrer tints away
  When thus they beam from Beauty's brow?

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MRS. GASS IN THE SUNSHINE.

A fine and genial day in Dallory. As if the winter were minded to give place to a few hours brightness before it finally set in, or to make scant amends for the late season of cold, and wet, and boisterous winds, there intervened a day of almost summer weather. Mrs. Gass threw open her window, and sat behind the geraniums enjoying the sun, exchanging salutations and gossip with as many of her acquaintances amid the passers by whose time would allow them to stop for it.

"How d'ye do, doctor? Isn't this a lovely day?"

It was Dr. Rane, hurrying past. He turned for an instant to the window, his brow clearing. For some time now a curious look of care and perplexity had sat upon it.

"Indeed it is," he answered. "I hope it will last. Are you pretty well, Mrs. Gass?"

"I'm first rate," answered that lady. "A fine day, with the wind in the healthy north, always sets me up. I say, doctor, have you got the tontine money paid yet?"

"No," said Dr. Rane, his voice changing to a somewhat sullen tone. "There are all kinds of forms to be gone through, seemingly: and the Brothers Ticknell do not make themselves ill with haste. The two old men are past business, in my opinion. They were always slow and tiresome; it is something more than that now."

"Do you stir 'em well up?" questioned Mrs. Gass.

"When I get the chance of doing it; but that's very rare. Go when I will, I can scarcely ever see anybody but the confidential clerk, old Latham; and he is as slow and methodical as his masters. 'We are not quite ready for you, sir; these matters must take their due course,' he says to me, I suppose the money will come—but I'm tired of waiting for it."

"And what about your plans, when you get it, doctor? Be they all cut and dried?"

"Time enough when I get the money, to decide on them," said the doctor, shortly.

"But you still intend to leave Dallory Ham?"

"Oh, yes, I shall do that."

"You won't be going to that America place?"

"I think I shall. It is more than likely."

"Well, I'd not banish myself from my native country for the best medical practice that ever shoes dropped into. You might be getting Red Indians for patients."

Dr. Rane laughed a little: and there shone a kind of eager light in his eyes that seemed to speak of glad anticipation of hope. Only himself knew how thankful he would be to get to another country and clear of this.

"I wonder," soliloquised Mrs. Gass to herself, as he walked on his way, "whether it is all straight far'ard about that tontine? Have the Ticknell's heard any of these ugly rumors that's flying about; and, be they keeping it back in consequence? If not, why it ought to have been paid over to him before this. The delay is odd—say the least of it—. How d'ye do, sir? A nice day?"

A gentleman, passing, had raised his hat to Mrs. Gass. She resumed her thread of thought.

"The rumors be spreading wider and getting nastier. They'll go up with a bang presently, like a bomb-shell. I'm hearty sorry for him: for I don't believe—no, I *don't*—that he'd do such a frightful thing. If it should turn out he did—why then I shall blame myself ever after for having procrastinated of my intentions."

Mrs. Gass paused in thought and began to tell over those intentions, with a view possibly to see whether she was very much to blame.

"Finding Oliver and his wife couldn't get the Tontine paid 'em—and a hard case it was—I had it in my mind to say to 'em, I'll advance it to you. You'll both be the better for something in my will when I'm gone—the doctor being my late husband's own nephew, and the nearest relation left of him—and if two thousand pound of it will be of real good to you now, you shall have it. But I didn't say it at once—who was to suppose there was such mortal need for hurry?—and then she died. If the man's innocent—and I believe he is—that Jelly ought to have the end of her tongue burnt off with caustic. She—hallos! why there you are! Talk of the dickens, and he'll appear."

"Were you talking of me?" asked Jelly: for Mrs. Gass had raised her voice with the surprise and brought it within Jelly's hearing.

She had a small basket on her arm, under her black shawl, and turned to the window with the question.

"I was a thinking of you," responded Mrs. Gass. "Be you come out marketing?"

"I'm taking a few scraps to Ketlar's," replied Jelly, just showing the basket. "My mistress has given me general leave to give them any trifles not likely to be wanted at home. The cook's good-natured, too. *This* is a jar of mutton dripping, and some bones and scraps of bread."

"And how do you like the Beverages, Jelly?"

"Oh, very well. They are good ladies; but so serious and particular."

Mrs. Gass rose from her seat, pushed aside a corner of the stand of geraniums, and leaned her arms upon the window-sill, so as to bring her hearty red face nearly within Jelly's bonnet.

"I'll tell you what I was a thinking of, girl—about these awful whispers that's flying round. Go where you will, you may hear 'em. Let it be within a dwelling house or at the corner of a street, people's tongues be cackling secretly of Dr. Rane's wife, and asking what she died of. I know it ud be so."

Jelly turned a trifle paler. "They'll die away again perhaps."

"Perhaps," repeated Mrs. Gass sarcastically. "It's to be hoped they will for your sake, Jelly, I'd not stand in your shoes to be made a queen to-morrow."

"I'd not stand in somebody else's," returned Jelly, aggravated to the avowal. "I shall have some pretty good proof at hand if I'm forced to bring it out."

"What proof?"

"Well, I'd rather not say. You'd only ridicule it, Mrs. Gass, and blow me up into the bargain. I must be going."

"I guess its moonshine, Jelly—like the ghost. Good-morning."

Jelly went away with a hard and anything but a happy look, and Mrs. Gass took her seat again. Very slowly there came creeping by, following the same direction as Jelly, a poor shivering woman, with a ragged shawl on her thin shoulders, and a white, pinched, hopeless face.

"Is that you, Susan Ketlar?"

Susan Ketlar turned and dropped a curtsey. Some of the women of North Inlet were even worse off than she was. She did have help now and then from Jelly.

"Yes, ma'am, it's me."

"I say, how long do you think you North Inlet people will be able to keep going—as things be at present?" demanded Mrs. Gass.

"The Lord above only knows," said the woman, looking upwards with a piteous shiver. "Here's the winter a coming on."

"What does Ketlar think of affairs now?"

Ketlar's wife shook her head. The men were not fond of disclosing what they thought, unless it was to one another. Ketlar never told her what *he* did.

"Is he still in love with the Trades' Unions, and what they have done for him? My opinion is this, Mrs. Ketlar," continued Mrs. Gass after a pause: "that in every place where distress reigns, as it does here, and where it can be proved that the men have lost their work through the dictates of the society, the parish ought to go upon the society and make it feed the men and their families. If a law was passed to that effect, we should hear less of the doings of the Trades Union people than we do. They'd draw in a bit, Susan; they'd not give the gaping public quite so many of their procession shows, and their flags, and their speeches. It would be a downright good law to make, mind you. A just one, too. If the society forbids men to work, and so takes the bread necessary for life out of their mouths, it is but fair they should find 'em bread to replace it."

A kind of eager light came into the woman's eyes.

"Ma'am, I said as good as this to Ketlar only yesterday. Seeing that it was the society that had took the bread from us, and that the consequences had been bad instead of good, for we were starving, the society ought to put us into work again. It might bestir itself to do that: or else support us while we got into something."

Mrs. Gass smiled pityingly. "You must be credelous, Susan Ketlar, to fancy the society will put 'em into work again. Where's the work to come from? Well, it's not your fault, my poor woman, and there's more people than me sorry for you all. I say"—Mrs. Gass lowered her voice—"be any of the men talking treason still? You know what I mean."

Susan Ketlar glanced over both her shoulders to see that nobody was within hearing before she gave the answering whisper.

"They be always a talking of it. I can see it in their faces as they stand together. Not Ketlar, ma'am. He'd stop it if he could: he don't wish harm to none."

"Ah. I wish to goodness they'd all betake themselves off from the place. Though it's hard to say it, for there's no other open to 'em that I see. Well—you go home, Susan. Fanny Jelly's just gone there with a basket of scraps—stay a minute, though."

Mrs. Gass quitted the room, calling to one of her servants. When she came back she had a half-pint physic bottle corked up.

"It's a drop o' beer," she said. "For yourself, mind, not for Ketlar. You want it, I know. Put it under your shawl. It'll wash down Jelly's scrape."

The woman went along with a grateful sob. And Mrs. Gass sat on and enjoyed the sunshine. Just then Mary Dallory came by in her little low pony-carriage. She often drove about in it alone. Seeing Mrs. Gass, she pulled up. That lady, making no ceremony, went out in her cap, and stood talking.

"I hear you have left the Hall, my dear," she said when the gossip was coming to an end.

"Ages ago," replied Miss Dallory. "Frank is at home again, and he wanted me."

"How did you enjoy your visit on the whole?"

"Pretty well. It was not very lively, especially after Sir Nash was taken ill."

"He is getting better, Mr. Richard tells me."

"Yes; he can sit up now. I went to see him yesterday."

"Captain Bohun looks but poorly still."

"His illness was a bad one. Fancy his getting jaundice! I had thought it was only old people who got that."

"Them jaunders attack young and old. Once the liver gets out of order, there's no telling. Captain Bohun was born in India; and they be more liable to liver complaint, it's said, than others. You are driving alone to-day as usual," continued Mrs. Gass.

"I like to be independent. Frank won't put himself into this little chaise; he says it is no higher than a respectable wheelbarrow; and I'm sure I am not going to have a groom stuck at my side."

"If all tales told are true, you'll soon run a chance of losing your independence," rejoined Mrs. Gass. "People say a certain young lady, not a hundred miles at this moment away from my elbow, is likely to lose her heart."

Instead of replying, Mary Dallory blushed violently. Observant Mrs. Gass saw and noticed it.

"Then it is true," she exclaimed.

"What's true?" asked Mary.

"That you are likely to be married."

"No, it is not."

"My dear you may as well tell me. You know me well: that I'll keep counsel."

"But I have nothing to tell you. How can I imagine what you mean."

"'Twasn't more than a hint of it I had. That Captain Bohun—Sir Arthur as he will be—was making up his mind to Miss Dallory, and she to him. Miss Mary, is it so?"

"Did Madam tell you that?"

"Madam wouldn't be likely to tell me—all of us in Dallory are just as so much dust under her feet; quite beneath being spoke to. No; 'twas her maid, Lake, dropped it to me. She had got it through Madam though."

Mary Dallory laughed a little and flicked the ears of the rough Welsh pony. "I fancy Madam would like it," she said.

"Who wouldn't?" rejoined Mrs. Gass. "I put the question to Richard North—whether there was anything in it. He answered that there might be; he knew that it was wished for."

"Richard North said that, did he?—that it 'might be.' Of course so it might—and may—for ought he can tell."

"But my dear Miss Mary—*is* it?"

"Well—to tell you the truth, the offer's not made yet. When it comes—why, then—I dare say it will be all right."

"Meaning that you'll take him."

"Meaning that—oh, but it's not right to tell tales beforehand, even to you, Mrs. Gass," she broke off with a sunny laugh. Let the offer come. I wish it would."

"You would like it to come, child?"

"Yes, I think I should."

"Then be sure it will. And God bless you, my dear, and bring you happiness whatever turns out. Though it is not just the marriage I had carried out in my own mind for one of the two of you."

She meant Arthur Bohun. Mary Dallory thought she meant herself; and laughed again as the pony trotted away.

The next friend that passed the window after Mrs. Gass resumed her seat was Richard North. He did not stop at the window, but went in. Some matter of business connected with the winding up of the old firm of North & Gass, had arisen, rendering it necessary that he should see Mrs. Gass.

"Do as you think best, Mr. Richard," she said, after they had talked together for a few minutes. "Please yourself, sir, and you'll please me. We'll leave it at that; I know it's all safe in your hands."

"Then I will do as I propose," said Richard.

"I've had Miss Dallory here—that is, in her pony chaise afore the door," continued Mrs. Gass. "I taxed her with what I'd heard about her and Captain Bohun. She didn't say it was, and she didn't say it wasn't; but, Mr. Richard, I think there's truth in it. She as good as said she'd like him to make her an offer; and she did say Madam wished it. So I suppose we shall have wedding cards afore a year's gone over our heads. In their case, him next step to a baronet, and she rolling in money, there's nothing to wait for."

"Nothing," mechanically answered Richard North.

"But I did think, as to him, that it would have been Ellen Adair. Talking of that, Mr. Richard, what is it that's amiss with her?"

"With her? with whom?" cried Richard, starting out of a revery.

"With that sweet young lady, Ellen Adair?"

"There's nothing amiss with her that I know of."

"Isn't there! There *is*, Mr. Richard, if my judgment and eyes is to be trusted. Each time I see her, she strikes me as looking worse and worse. Law notice her sir. Perhaps now the clue has been given, you'll see it, too. I once knew a little girl, Mr. Richard, that was dying quietly under her friends' very eyes, and they never saw it. Never saw it at all, till a aunt came over from another county; she started back when she saw the child, and says, 'Why, what have you been doing with her? She's dying!' They was took aback at that, and called in the first doctor—but it was too late. I don't say Ellen Adair is dying, Mr. Richard, 'taint likely; but I'm sure she is not all right. Whether it's on the mind, or whether its on the body, or whether it's on the nerves, I'm not prepared to say; but it's somewhere."

"I will take notice," said Richard.

"Anything fresh up among the men, Mr. Richard?"

"Nothing. Except that my workmen are getting afraid to stir out at night—and the disaffection increases amidst the others. I cannot see what is to be the end of it," he continued. "I do not mean of this rivalry, but of the sad state to which the men and their families are reduced. I often wish I did not think of it so much: it is like a chain on me that I cannot shake off. I wish I could help them to work elsewhere."

"Ah," said Mrs. Gass, "work elsewhere is very nice to look at in dreamland; but I'm afraid it'll never be seen for 'em in reality. It's not as if work was going a begging: it have been broke up everywhere: and shoals and shoals of men, destitute as our own, be tramping about at this minute—like so many old ravens with their mouths open, ready to pick up anything that may fall."

Richard North went home, his mind full of what Mrs. Gass had said about Ellen Adair. *Was* she looking so ill? He found her sitting in the open seat, near what would be in spring the tulip bed; Mr. North having just gone in and left her. Yes: Richard saw that she did look ill: the face was wan, the eyes were sad and weary. She was coughing as he went up to her—it was a short, hacking cough, not a violent one. Sometime ago she had caught a cold, and it seemed to hang about her still.

"Are you well, Ellen?" he asked, as he sat down beside her.

"Yes—I believe so," was her reply. "Why?"

"Because I don't think you look well."

A soft color, like the pink on a sea-shell, stole over her cheeks, as Richard said this. But she kept silence.

"You know, Ellen, we agreed to be as brother and sister. I wish to take care of you as such: to shield you from all ill so far as I can. Are you happy here?"

A moment's pause, and then Ellen took courage to say that she was not happy.

"I would like to go elsewhere," she said. "Oh, Richard, if it could but be managed!"

"But it cannot," he answered.

"I have plenty of money, Richard."

"My dear, it is not that. Of course you have plenty. I fancy, by sundry signs, that you will be a very rich young lady," he added, slightly laughing. "But you have no friends in England—and we could not entrust you to strangers."

"If I could board somewhere?—in some clergyman's family, or something of that."

"Ellen!"

She raised her hand from underneath the gray shawl—her favorite out-door covering, for it was warm—and passed it across her brow. In every movement there was a languor that spoke of weariness of body or weariness of spirit.

"When Mr. Adair comes home, if he found you had been placed out somewhere 'to board,' what would he think and say of us?" Put the question to yourself, Ellen."

"I would tell him I went of my own accord."

"But, my dear, you cannot be allowed to do things of your own accord if they are not expedient. I and my father are appointed to take charge of you, and see that you do not. You must remain with us, Ellen, until Mr. Adair shall come."

It was even so. Ellen's better judgment acknowledged it, in the midst of her great wish to get away. A wish: and not a wish. To be where Arthur Bohun was, brought her still the most intense happiness; and this, in spite of the pain surrounding it, she would not willingly have relinquished: but the cruelty of his conduct—of their estrangement—was more than she knew how to bear. It was making her ill, and she felt it. There was, however, no help for it. As Richard said, she had no friends to whom they could entrust her. The lady in whose house she was educated had recently died, and the establishment was being broken up. Ten times a day she longed to say to Arthur Bohun "You are ungenerous to stay here. I cannot help myself, but you might." But pride tied her tongue.

"It may be months before papa comes, Richard."

"And if it should be! We must try to make you happier with us."

"I think I must go in," she said. "The day has been very fine, but it is getting cold now."

Folding the gray shawl closer to her throat, as if she felt the chill there, and coughing a little as she walked, Ellen crossed round to the hall door, and entered. Richard, occupied in watching her and with his own thoughts, did not perceive the almost silent approach of Arthur Bohun, who came slowly up from behind.

"Well, Dick, old fellow!"

"Why, where did you spring from?" asked Richard, as Arthur flung himself down in the place vacated by Ellen.

"I have been under that tree yonder, smoking a cigar. It has a good broad trunk to lean against."

"I thought the doctors had forbidden you to smoke."

"So they have. Until I get stronger. One can't obey orders quite strictly always. I don't suppose it matters much, one way or the other. You have been enjoying a confidential chat, Dick."

"Yes," replied Richard. He had not felt very friendly in his heart towards Arthur for some time past. What was the meaning of his changed behaviour to Ellen Adair?—what of the new friendship with Mary Dallory? Richard North could not forgive dishonor: and he believed Arthur Bohun was steeping himself in it to the back bone.

"Were you making love, Dick?"

Richard turned his eyes in silence on the questioner.

"She and I have had to part, Dick. I always thought you admired and esteemed her almost more, perhaps quite more, than you do any other woman. So, if you are thinking of her—"

"Be silent," sternly interrupted Richard, rising in anger. "Are you a man?—are you a gentleman? Or are you what I have been thinking you lately—a false-hearted, despicable knave?"

Whatever Arthur Bohun might be, he was just then in desperate agitation. Rising, too, he seized Richard's hands.

"Don't you see that I was but jesting, Richard? Pretending to a bit of pleasantry with myself, to while away for a moment my awful weight of torment. I am all that you say of me; and I cannot help myself."

"Not help yourself?"

"As Heaven is my witness, no. If I could take you into confidence—and perhaps I may one of these days, for I long to do it—you would see that I tell you truth."

"Why have you parted with Ellen Adair?—she and you *have* parted! You have just said so."

"We have parted for life. Forever."

"You were on the point of marriage with her but a short time back!"

"No two people can be much nearer marriage than she and I were. It was within half an hour of it, Dick, and yet we have parted."

"By your doings or hers?"

"By mine."

"I thought so."

"Dick, I have been *compelled* to it. When you know all, you will know that I could not do otherwise. And yet, in spite of this—this compelling power—I feel that to her I have been but a false-hearted knave, as you aptly style me: a despicable, dishonorable man. My father fell into dishonor—or rather had it forced upon him by another—and he could not survive it: he shot himself. Did you know it, Dick?"

"Shot himself!" repeated Richard in his surprise. "No, I never knew that. I thought he died of sunstroke."

"My father shot himself," wailed Arthur. "He could not live dishonored. Dick, old fellow, there are moments when I feel tempted to do as he did."

"What—because you have parted with Ellen?"

"No. Th[illegible] bad enough to bear, but I can battle w[illegible] it. It is the other thing, the dishonor. It is always present with me, always haunting me night and day; I know not how to live under it."

"I do not understand at all," said Richard. "You are master of your own actions."

"In this case I have not been. I cannot explain. Don't judge me too harshly, Dick,

old fellow. I am bad enough, Heaven knows, but not quite as bad, perhaps, as you have been deeming me."

And, wringing the hands he held in a grasp of pain, Arthur Bohun went limping away, leaving Richard lost in wonder.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ONCE AGAIN.

Jelly lived, so to say, with her feet on a volcano. She felt that, figuratively speaking, there was not an hour of the day or night, but she might be blown up. The rumors as to the death of Mrs. Rane, were becoming more frightful; they stole up and down Dallory like an insinuating tongue of flame: and Jelly had the satisfaction of knowing that it was she who had first set the flame alight. It was all very well of her to say that she had made herself safe by securing the evidence Thomas Hepburn could give: but in her secret conscience she knew that she was *not* secure; and that even in spite of that evidence, Dr. Rane might chance to be innocent. If so—why a pretty box she would find herself in. There was no help for it; she could do nothing. The flaming tongue went twisting itself in and out, and she could not still it.

One night Jelly was lying awake according to custom now, buried deep in some horrid visions that had lately begun to haunt her: now of being chained to some other woman, and working in a gang; now of stepping incessantly up a revolving treadmill; and now of picking oakum with her nails and teeth. Twisting round in the bed, to escape, if possible, these imaginary pictures, she suddenly heard her door knocked at—a loud, hasty knock—and now a louder. Jelly went into a hot fume, and then turned cold as ice. Had the officers of the law come to arrest her?

"Who's there? what is it?" she asked, faintly, not daring to sit up in bed.

"Is thee awake, Jelly?" came the gentle response, as her door was opened a few inches. "I am very sorry to have to ask thee to get up, but my mother is worse. Make haste, please."

Had Miss Beverage's voice been that of an angel, it could not have been sweeter to Jelly just then. The relief was great.

"I'll get up instantly, ma'am," was the ready answer—and Miss Beverage wondered that it should have it in a tone of joyous gratitude; "I'll be with you at once."

Mrs. Beverage was subject to violent but rare attacks of dangerous spasms. She had felt ill before she went to bed, but hoped it would be nothing. Jelly and her own two servants, were soon at her bedside. She was very ill. Some of them ran to get hot water ready; Jelly thought it would be well to call in Dr. Rane.

"I should like the doctor to see her: at the same time I grieve to arouse him from his sleep," said Miss Beverage.

"Law, ma'am, that's nothing to doctors; they are used to it," cried Jelly.

"Mother, would thee like Oliver Rane fetched?" asked Miss Beverage, bending over the suffering lady.

"Yes—yes," was the feeble answer. "I am very ill, Sarah."

"Thee go, then, Jelly."

Away went Jelly. Unbarring their own front-door, she passed out of it, and approached Dr. Rane's. The doctor's professional lamp burnt clearly; and, to her great surprise, Jelly saw that the door was not closed.

"He cannot have gone to bed to-night," she thought, as she walked in without ringing. It was past three.

But the house seemed to be in stillness and darkness. Jelly left the front-door open, and the light shone a little way into the passage. She tried the surgery door, it was locked outside: she tried the dining-room—the key of that was also turned: the kitchen-door stood open, but it was all in darkness.

"He has gone to bed and forgot to shut up," was the conclusion Jelly now arrived at; "I'll go up and call him."

Groping her way up-stairs, she had nearly reached the top when a pale, white light suddenly illumined the landing—just the same kind of faint semi-light that Jelly saw once before, and that she remembered all too well. Raising her head hastily to look—for it had been bent downwards, there stood—what?

Not quite at the moment did Jelly know what. Not in the first startled access of terror, did she recognize clearly the features of Betsy Rane. It was she, all too surely: that is, the likeness of what she had been. She seemed to stand almost face to face with Jelly: Jelly nearly at the top of the staircase, she facing her before it. The light was even more faint in front of the figure than behind: but there was no mistaking it. What it was dressed in or whence it came, Jelly never knew: there it was—the form and the face of Betsy Rane. With an awful cry of agony, that echoed to the ends of the empty house in the night's silence, Jelly turned and flew down again.

She never looked behind. She banged the front-door to in her terror, to keep in what might be following her: and she nearly gave vent to another scream when she found herself touched by some one coming in at the gate, and saw that it was Dr. Rane.

"I am called out to a country patient," he quietly said. While I was putting the horse to the gig, an impression came over me that I had left my house door open—so I thought I had better come and see. What are you doing here at this hour, Jelly? Anybody ill?"

Jelly was in frightful distress and confusion of mind. Clutching hold of his arm as if it gave her protection, she sobbed for an instant or two in hysterical nervousness. Dr. Rane stared at her, not knowing what to make of it. He began to think she must require his services herself.

"Sir—do you know—do you know who is in the house?"

"Nobody's there: unless they've got in these last few minutes through the door—which I suppose I did leave open," was Dr. Rane's rejoinder; and his calm composure contrasted strongly with Jelly's emotion.

"When I go out of my house at night, I carry my household with me, Jelly."

"Your wife's there," she whispered, with a bursting sob. "Sir, it is as true as that I am alive to tell it."

"What do you say, woman?"

Jelly's answer was to [illegible] what she had seen. When Dr. Rane had gathered in her full meaning he [illegible] very angry.

"Why you must be mad, woman," he cried, in a low voice of concentrated passion. "This is the second time. How dare you invent such folly!"

"I swear that her ghost walks—and that it is in there now," exclaimed Jelly, nearly beside herself. "It is on the landing, exactly where I saw it before. Why should she come again—why should she haunt that one particular spot. Sir, don't look at me like that. You know I would not invent such a thing."

"Your fancy invents it, and then you speak of it as if it were fact. How dare you?"

But he could not appease Jelly: he could not talk her out of the belief of her eyesight. And the doctor saw it was useless to try.

"Why should her poor ghost walk?" bewailed Jelly, wringing her hands in distress.

"I'm sure I don't know why it should 'walk,'" returned the doctor, as if he would humor Jelly, and at the same time make a mockery of the words. "It never 'walks' when I am in the house." But the ridicule was lost on Jelly.

"She can't lie quiet in her grave. What cause is there?—oh what dreadful mystery is it?"

Dr. Rane looked as though he would have liked to knock Jelly down. "I begin to think that you are either a fool or a knave," he cried. "What brought you into my house at three o'clock in the morning?"

The question, together with his almost irrepressible rage, served to recall Jelly's scattered senses. She told him about the illness of Mrs. Beverage, and asked if he would come in.

"No, I cannot come," said Dr. Rane quite savagely, for it seemed that he could not get over his anger. "I am called out to a sudden and dangerous case, and I have no time to waste over Mrs. Beverage. If she wants a doctor, get Seeley."

He opened his door with his latch-key, and shut it fiercely after him. However, it seemed that he got over his ill humor, for when Jelly was slowly walking across the road, towards Mr. Seeley's, Dr. Rane came out again, called her back, and said he would spare a minute or two. With a sharp caution to Jelly not to make the same foolish exhibition of herself to others that she had to him, he went up to Mrs. Beverage—who was then easier, and had dozed off to sleep. Giving a few general directions in case the paroxysm should return, Dr. Rane departed. About ten minutes afterwards, Jelly was in her room, which looked towards the lane at the back, when she heard his gig come driving down it and stop at his garden door. After waiting there a short while, it went away quickly across the country.

The horse and gig that the doctor used, belonged to the public house hard by. Dr. Rane had a key of the stables, so that if he wanted to go out during the night, he could harness the horse to the gig without disturbing any one. When medical men are not able to keep horses and grooms of their own, they put up contentedly with many shifts that richer practitioners would not.

"If he had not said beforehand that he was putting the horse to, I should have thought he'd gone out because he daren't stay in the house," muttered Jelly, as she flattened her face against the window-pane to look after the doctor and the gig. She could see neither: the night was very dark.

Jelly's mind was in a chaos. What she had witnessed caused her still to shake and tremble as though she had the ague; and she did fully believe that she was in danger of becoming what the doctor had told her she was already—mad.

Suddenly there was a cry in the house. Mrs. Beverage was worse. The paroxysm had returned so violently, that it seemed to the frightened beholders as though she would die in it. Dr. Rane was not attainable, and Miss Beverage sent one of the under servants running for Mr. Seeley, who came promptly.

In about an hour the danger had passed; the house was quiet again, and Mr. Seeley was at liberty to return to his rest. He had crossed the road to his own door when he heard a step following him. Turning round, he saw Jelly.

"Surely she is not ill again!" he hastily exclaimed.

"No, sir, she is all right I think now. Mr. Seeley," added Jelly in agitation so marked that he could not help noticing it, "I want to speak to you: I want to tell you something. I must tell some one, or I shall never live till morning light."

"Are *you* ill?" questioned Mr. Seeley.

"When I was holding the flannels just now and otherwise helping you, sir, you might have seen that I hadn't all my wits about me. Miss Beverage looked at me once or twice, as much as to ask what had become of 'em. Mr. Seeley, I have got the weight of a most awful secret upon me, and I can't any longer bear with it."

"A secret!" repeated Mr. Seeley.

Jelly drew so near to him that her arm touched his. She pointed to the house of Dr. Rane, and lowered her voice to speak in a whisper.

"Mrs. Rane's there."

He looked across at the house—so apparently still and peaceful behind its white blinds; he turned and looked at Jelly. Not a syllable did he understand of her meaning.

"Mrs. Rane comes again, sir. She haunts the house. I have seen her twice with my own eyes: once the night of her death, just after she had been put in her coffin; and again this blessed night."

"Why what on earth do you mean?" questioned Mr. Seeley in amusement. "Mrs. Rane haunts the house?—I don't comprehend."

"Her ghost does, sir. It is in it now."

The surgeon put his back against his door-post and seemed as though he should never leave off staring at Jelly. He fully thought her mind was wandering. A minute or two passed in utter silence.

"My good woman, you need a composing draught as badly as Friend Beverage did just now. What is the matter with you, Jelly?"

In reply, Jelly told her tale, in regard to the appearance of Mrs. Rane—from the beginning. But she cautiously avoided all mention of suspicion as to unfair play: in fact she did not mention Dr. Rane's name. Mr. Seeley listened quietly, as though he were hearing a fairy tale.

"Have you spoken of this to Dr. Rane?" was his first question.

"Yes sir: both times. To-night I met him as I was rushing out of the house in my terror."

"What does he say to it?"

"He ridicules it. He says its my fancy, and is in a towering rage. Mrs. Gass asked whether I had been drinking beer. People are hard of belief as to such things."

"You told Mrs. Gass, then?"

"I told her the first time. I was in great distress and perplexity, and I mentioned it to her as we sat together in the churchyard looking at Mrs. Rane's funeral."

"What did she say?"

"She cautioned me never to speak of it again to a living soul. Neither of that, nor of—of anything. But this blessed night, sir, I have seen it again: and if it is to go on like this, I shall soon be in a lunatic asylum."

Mr. Seeley had no faith in ghosts. At the same time he saw how implicit was Jelly's belief in what she fancied she had seen, and the distressed state of mind it had induced. What to answer for the best, he did not know. If he threw ridicule on the story, it would make no sort of impression; if he pretended to receive it as truth, it could not bring her ease.

"Jelly," said he on impulse, "I should not believe in a ghost if I saw one."

"I didn't believe in them once," answered Jelly. "But seeing brings belief."

"I'm sure I don't know what to say to you," was his candid avowal. "You are evidently so imbued with your own view of the matter, that any contrary argument would be useless."

"What troubles me is this," resumed Jelly, as if she had not heard him. "*Why* is it that she is unable to rest, poor thing? What's the reason?"

"I should say there was no reason," observed Mr. Seeley.

"Should you, sir?"

Jelly spoke significantly, and he looked at her keenly. There was a professional lamp over his door, as there was over Dr. Rane's, and their faces were distinct to each other. The tone had been a slip in the heat of argument. Jelly grew cautious again.

"What am I to do, sir?"

"Indeed I cannot tell you, Jelly. There is only one thing to do I should say—get out of the fancy again as quickly as you can."

"You think I did not see it?"

"I think all ghost stories proceed purely from an excited imagination," said the surgeon."

"You have not lived here very long, sir, but you have been here quite long enough to know that I've not got much imagination. I don't remember that, before this happened, I ever felt excited in my whole life. My nature's not that way. The first time I saw her, I had come in, as I say, from Kettar's, and all I was thinking of was Dinah's negligence in not putting out the matches for me. I declare that when I saw her, poor thing, that night, with her fixed eyes staring at me, I was as cool as any cucumber. She stood there some time, looking at me as it seemed, and I stood in the dark looking at her. I thought it was herself, Mr. Seeley, and felt glad that she was able to be out of bed. In the morning, when I heard she was dead, and shut up in her coffin, I thought she must have been shut in it alive. You were the first I asked whether it was sure that she was dead," added Jelly, warming with the sudden recollection. "I saw you standing here at the door after Dinah told me, and I came over."

The surgeon nodded. He remembered it.

"To-night, when I went for Dr. Rane, there was not a thought or particle of superstition in my mind. I was troubled about Mrs. Beverage, and wondering what carelessness brought the doctor's front door open. And there she stood!—facing me as I went up the stairs—just in the same identical spot that she had the time before. Ugh!" broke off Jelly with a shudder. "But don't say again sir, please, that it was my excited imagination."

"I could tell you stories of the imagination that would surprise you, Jelly."

"If it was not Mrs. Rane—that is, her apparition—that appeared to me to-night, sir, and that appeared to me the other night, I wish these eyes may never behold anything again," spoke Jelly solemnly. And Mr. Seeley saw how worse than futile it would be to contend further.

"Jelly, why have you told me this? I do not see how I can help you."

"I've told it to you because the weight of keeping it to myself was greater than I could bear," she replied. "It's an awful thing, and a cruel thing that it should be just *me* that's signalled out for it. I think I know why: and I am nearly torn to pieces with the responsibility. As to helping me, sir, I don't think that you or anybody else can do that. Did you see Mrs. Rane after she died?"

The question was put abruptly, but in a tone that Jelly meant to be indifferent. Mr. Seeley replied in a very matter-of-fact manner—

"No."

"Well, I'll wish you good night, sir; for keeping you talking here will do no good."

"Good morning, I should say," returned the surgeon.

Jelly had reached her own gate, when she paused for a moment and then turned back across the road. The surgeon had not moved. He still had his back against his door-post, and was apparently gazing at Dr. Rane's. Jelly said what she had come back to say.

"You will please not speak of this again to any one, Mr. Seeley. There are reasons why."

"Not I, Jelly," was the hearty rejoinder. "I don't want to be laughed at in Dallory as the retailer of a ghost story."

"Thank you, sir."

With that, the surgeon passed into his dwelling and Jelly went over to hers. And the winter's night wore on to its close.

In the favorable reaction that had fallen on Mrs. Beverage, Jelly might have gone to rest again had she so chosen. But she did not. There could be neither rest nor sleep for her. She sat by the kitchen fire, and drank sundry cups of tea: and rather thought what with one perplexity and another, that it was not sinful to wish herself dead.

In the morning, about seven o'clock, when she was upstairs in her chamber, she heard the noise of a gig in the lane, and looked out. It was Dr. Rane, returning from his visit to his sick patient. His face was white. An ordinary passer-by would have said the doctor was cold: Jelly came to a different conclusion.

"It's his conscience," she mentally whispered. "It's the thoughts of having to dwell in his house now he knows what's in it. He might have set it down to my fancy the first time: he can't this. Who knows, either, but what she appears to *him*?—who knows?—but it strikes me his nerves are made of iron. He must have been driving like mad, too, by the way the gig's splashed!" added Jelly, catching a glimpse of the state of the vehicle as it whirled round the corner towards the public-house. "Good heavens, what is to be done?—what is to be done about this dreadful secret? Why should it have fallen upon ME?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ An old lady of Connecticut, who lost her purse a short time since at New Haven, declared on its being restored to her, that she would not attempt to interfere with the reward that was stored up in heaven for the finder, by offering him money. A considerate person that.

☞ The vintage has begun in Champagne, and the workmen are protected by the Prussians.

Salt for the Chills.

We learn that at a recent meeting of the medical fraternity of Baltimore the subject of salt as a cure for ague and fever was discussed, and considerable ridicule thrown over the assertion that it has proved effective in any well developed case. We rather fear that our physicians are determined to place themselves in the position of the old manufacturers of heathen gods, who so strenuously opposed the Christian religion because it was calculated to injure their business.

As to salt as a remedy for chills, there can be no doubt of its sufficiency as a substitute for that most blood-depleting and nauseous compound known as quinine. In Cecil county, where this disease is one of the semi-annual visitants, salt and water drank at daybreak for three successive mornings is regarded as an unfailing cure for the most stubborn cases. We have this assurance from intelligent and reliable gentlemen, who have taken it themselves and administered it to others in innumerable cases.

As to the application of salt to the feet by putting a spoonful of salt in each shoe immediately on the first symptom of an approaching chill, we have tried it in two cases with the most satisfactory results. Since our notice of this simple remedy, a few weeks ago, more than a dozen cases of its successful use have been reported to us. In each case the application of salt in the manner described produced an immediate restoration of the circulation in the feet, with a heating sensation, which gradually spread throughout the whole system and checked the disease.

Now, all who have had any experience with this disagreeable ailment know that the checking of a chill is the first movement towards its entire cure. As the application of salt in this simple manner can do no harm, we hope our physicians will cast aside this prejudice against what they regard as an "old woman's notion," and give it a fair and impartial trial.

A simple and efficient remedy like this for the fever and ague, if fully established, would be one of the greatest discoveries of the age. It would do much to relieve the sufferings of humanity, would abolish the use of many health-destroying nostrums, and lead to the cultivation of some of the richest lands in the country that are now regarded as uninhabitable on account of the prevailing miasmas of the fall and spring months.—*Baltimore American.*

White Man's Uncertainty.

The Portland Oregonian tells this story: A few days ago a politician of this city purchased a load of wood and had it hauled home. Scarcely had it been dumped on the curb, when a Chinaman applied, with buck-saw in hand for a job. Says the Judge, "How muchee?" "Hap dollar," promptly replied John. "Cheap enough," says the Judge, but just then a stalwart American citizen came along and applied for the job. To the inquiry of the Judge the American citizen replied that he would charge a dollar and a half. Judge, "Well, John Chinaman here offers to do it for four bits; but as I'd rather have a white man to do my work, I'll give you a dollar and a half." Thereupon John Chinaman went sorrowfully away, and the Judge went his way. Returning some hours afterward, the Judge was almost struck dumb with astonishment to find a Chinaman engaged in sawing his wood pile, with ne'er a white man in sight. Judge to John—"Who told you to saw this wood?" John to Judge—"Melican man," and John described him in pantomime and bad Melican lingo. Judge smelled a large mice—his employer was his employee of the morning. "How muchee?" again queried the Judge. And again came the prompt reply, "Hap dollar." So the Judge's wood pile was sawed by a Chinaman after all, but he paid a white man's price; and now the Judge thinks he is about a dollar short in his finances, on account of the uncertainty of "white man."

Louis Napoleon and Washington Irving.

It was in 1837 that Louis Napoleon visited New York. He had been for some time a prisoner of war on board a French frigate, but was released at Norfolk, Virginia, by order of Louis Phillippe. He remained a couple months in this city, boarding at a hotel which then stood on a portion of the plot now occupied by Stewart's down-town warehouse. During his stay he called on Washington Irving, at Sunnyside, in company with a young French count. Soon after Napoleon's marriage, Irving, in writing to a niece of his then residing in Paris, thus alludes to that visit:

"Louis Napoleon and Eugenie Montijo, Emperor and Empress of France! one of whom I have had a guest at my cottage on the Hudson, and the other of whom, when a child, I have had on my knee at Granada. It seems to cap the climax of the strange dramas of which Paris has been the theatre during my lifetime. The last I saw of Eugenie Montijo she was one of the reigning belles of Madrid—now she is launched upon a dangerous sea, infamous for its tremendous shipwrecks. Am I to live to see the catastrophe of her career, or the end of this suddenly conjured up empire, which seems to be of such stuff as dreams are made of?"

The lady to whom this letter was addressed has lived to see the catastrophe."

Shot as a Medicine.

Dr. Maydieu, of France, has revived the old practice of giving shot for bilious colic. His method is, to take No. 6 shot, after carefully washing them with sweet oil, and give a desert spoonful every half hour. He claims that in five or six hours the vomiting ceases. The editors of the "Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal" relate the following anecdote, illustrative of this treatment:—A clergyman was taken very sick and stopped at the house of a good old lady, who was familiar with the treatment, who stated that she had no shot, but a bullet which would answer the purpose. She gave it to the divine, who, after being assured of its great efficacy, swallowed it, and to his joy and surprise found that in a very short time he was entirely relieved of the colic. Before leaving, he expressed some doubt to the old lady about the piece of lead so heavy finding its way through the bowels. "Oh, my," she replied, "you need have no anxiety about that, as it has been through me ten or twelve times."

☞ At the Hotel de Ville, M. Gambetta saved a fine picture of the Emperor from destruction by a happy mot: "My friends," said he, adroitly twisting the obnoxious picture round, its face to the wall, "My friends, we have borne with the original for twenty years—we will be satisfied now with turning him to the wall. That's all he's fit for."

Death of General Lee.

Robert Edmund Lee, the ablest officer in the Confederate service, and one of the ablest generals that America has produced, died at Lexington, Va., on the 12th inst., in the 64th year of his age. Gen. Lee was born in Virginia, was admitted to West Point in 1825, and entered the United States army as a second lieutenant in 1829. He had attained the grade of captain previous to the breaking out of the Mexican war, and was promoted to the rank of colonel before the end of the struggle. After the restoration of peace Col. Lee served in the Board of Engineers until 1852, when he was appointed Superintendent of the West Point Military Academy. This place he held until 1855. Opposed originally to the secession movement, on the secession of Virginia from the Union, Col. Lee threw up his commission as an officer of the United States army, and offered his sword where he had been taught to believe he owed his first allegiance, "to his state." From his arrival in Richmond, in 1861, until he surrendered to the United States forces under Gen. Grant, at Appomattox Court House, four years afterward, he was actively engaged in the military service of the Confederacy, and for several years was its great military leader. In October, 1865, he was installed President of Washington College, which position he held at the time of his decease. Personally he was greatly admired by those who knew him for his integrity, courtesy and moderation of character. He was one of those men who seem born to lead states and to command armies.

☞ Recently, near Caswell's Station, on the East Tennessee Railroad, as a train was approaching, a woman was seen on the side of the road frantically waving a signal to stop. Supposing that a landslide had occurred, somebody was lying on the track, or that some other dreadful thing had occurred, the conductor stopped the train as soon as possible, and backed up to where the woman was standing, anxiously inquiring what was the matter, when she responded, "Nothing particular, mister; I jist wanted to know if Sary Malviny Thompson's aboard your keers. Sary's my sister."

☞ A Pennsylvania farmer went shopping with his wife recently, and then went home and hung himself.

☞ Dr. Lucas, the celebrated Irish poet, having, after a very sharp contest, carried the election as representative in Parliament for Dublin, was met a few days after by a lady whose family was warm in the interest of the unsuccessful candidate. "Well, doctor," said she, "I find you have gained the election." "Yes, madam." "No wonder, sir; all the blackguards voted for you." "No, madam, your two sons did not."

☞ The tobacco crop in Kentucky is unusually large, and much of it is of remarkably fine quality.

☞ In Oshkosh, Wis., the gas-pipes are made of young tamaracks, from six to ten inches in diameter.

☞ The Paris Figaro says that a bomb, to be charged with a kind of sneezing powder, is suggested for use in defence of the French capital. One shell will contain enough powder to set a regiment sneezing for two hours, during which time they would of course be powerless.

☞ That seems to have been an ungentlemanlike proceeding on the part of Mr. Koenig, of Davenport, who agreed to commit suicide if his wife would, and, while she resolutely held her head under the water until dead, lifted his above the surface, and subsequently emerging entirely, coolly arranged for her obsequies.

☞ The San Antonio (Texas) Agricultural Fair closed recently. A great feature of the closing day was a sixty mile race, to be made inside of three hours, only Texan horses and saddles allowed. The feat, it is stated, was accomplished by Mr. Cooke, of Bexar county, who rode 61 miles in 2 hours and 56½ minutes. Horses were ready saddled for him.

☞ FEMALE PRINTERS.—Female printers are no novelty. Charlotte Guillard carried on the printing business for fifty years—from 1500 to 1550—and was celebrated for the correctness of her books. Women were employed and commended as compositors in Italy as early as the end of the fifteenth century.

☞ The shawl suits now so popular in the Middle states are made of the old-fashioned gentlemen's long shawls, with which the market has of late been overstocked.

☞ Instead of "hops" at the watering-places this season, there have been round dances called "twists." It is very common to see a gentleman walk up to a lady, run out his elbow, "Madam, will you favor me with a twist?" And she twists.

☞ Remedies for a red nose are now in order. Among others a contemporary says that the true remedy for a red nose is temperance and the free use of a handkerchief. The organ can't be red when it's blew.

☞ The steam power employed in this country is equal to 130,000,000 of men, but that of Great Britain is vastly superior, being equal to 400,000,000 of men.

☞ There is a herd of twenty-six camels in Nevada, used for carrying salt from the desert to the mills. They live on prickly pears and sage-brush, and are as easily bred as goats.

☞ On a ranch on Carson River is to be seen a herd of twenty-six camels, all but two of which are native Californians.

☞ The census of Illinois is completed. The population of the state is 2,567,053.

☞ There are over fifty miles of ditches for irrigating purposes within the space of five miles square, around Los Angeles, Cal.

☞ Now a race of men with cloven feet is reported as existing in Central Mexico.

☞ The sun contains eight hundred times as much matter as all the other bodies of the solar sytem.

☞ A DRY CLIMATE.—The San Francisco butchers use no ice and need none. In that dry climate meat keeps a long time without ice, and improves rapidly as long as it remains sweet. The consequence is that the butchers can keep their meat several days before exposing it for sale, and it is then tender and in the best possible condition for the table.

☞ The populace of Great Britain has recently been subjected to severe criticism from Professor Huxley, who, several years ago, made intimate acquaintance with the uninteltectual aborigines of Australia. Professor Huxley has recently declared that a walk through the streets of Liverpool had shown him fully as many and as degraded savages as he had seen in the remotest of the British Colonies. It has been a great shock, said Professor Huxley, to see unwashed, unkempt, brutal people, side by side with indications of the greatest refinement and the greatest luxury.

"CUTTING THE CAT."—The other evening, on the occasion of the marriage of a man named Dinsbrooke, in Hamtramck, a novel feature was introduced to relieve the tediousness which generally accompanies such affairs. He was a firm believer in the old Polish legend, that no marriage would prove satisfactory unless the blood of a cat was shed at the ceremony, and he accordingly brought in one at the proper moment. He held on to grimalkin's head, the bride seized the tail, and the father of the bride made a down cut with a big knife, cutting off the tail close to the bride's hand. The clergyman was not a believer in the legend, but raised no objection, and the cat fled out of doors with a good deal more activity than her age would seem to warrant.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CHINESE LABOR.—Experiments in regard to Chinese labor are now being made at the Milliaudon sugar plantation, opposite Carrollton, a few miles distant from New Orleans, La. The estate comprises nine thousand acres, and 234 Chinese laborers are employed. They are paid $12 a month, in gold, and as a guarantee against misconduct, one-fourth of the wages is retained until the expiration of the five years' term of service. Each laborer is yearly entitled to two suits of clothes, made in the Chinese fashion, and costing $12 each. The weekly rations consist of four and a half pounds of salt pork, and one peck of Indian meal, or are commuted in money for $1 60. No medical attendant is supplied—but the Chinese use their own remedies. The overseer, a Chinaman, is paid $50 a month.

☞ James W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, has written a book of his life and adventures. Nobody disputes his claim as the original gold discoverer in that state; but, like many other discoverers and inventors, he didn't take much for his motion.

☞ A young man, who was suspected of murder, was tried and acquitted at Fremont, Iowa, the other day. Before the trial, it was as much as the officers could do to prevent the people from lynching him; but after the speech of the counsel there was an entire change of feeling. The cries of execration gave place to deafening cheers, in the course of which the liberated man was carried off in triumph by the very men who had threatened to murder him two hours previously.

☞ It appears that the iconoclastic zeal in Japan, which destroys the images of the Roman Catholic missions, is directed also against the images of the Buddhists; and that the bronze statue of Budha, at Daibootz, fifteen miles from Yokohama, is to be broken up. It is forty feet high, a beautiful work of art, and has stood at least one thousand years.

☞ Coat armor, an obsolete institution of war, is likely to come in again. A French officer of cuirassiers at Woerth, came out of the fray unhurt, with indentures made by eight bullets in his cuirass and five in his helmet.

☞ At Baxter, Kansas, recently, while a clothing merchant named Max Saluts, was unpacking goods, with his clerk, Max Horn, a double-barrelled gun, hanging overhead, fell to the floor, and both barrels were discharged, instantly killing both men.

☞ A playwright, who had written five hundred lines in three days, taunted Euripides because he had spent as much time upon five lines. "Yes," replied the poet, "but your five hundred lines in three days will be forgotten, while my five will live forever."

☞ A respectable old lady, residing on Third street, South Troy, and who is aged 65 years, was recently delivered of a child—the first since her marriage over forty years ago.

☞ Before the war, the value of the agricultural implement manufacturing at Richmond, did not exceed $100,000. Now it is stated to be nearly $500,000. The implements manufactured here, go all over the South.

☞ Mr. Nathan Hall, of Darham, Connecticut, in 1863, thanked God that he lived "in a hilly country, where it was impossible to build railroads." To-day the cars of the Air Line Railroad run through the door-yard of his place, between his house and barn, and within four feet of his side-door.

☞ A boy was recently admitted to a London hospital, who had utterly lost his eyesight from a wound received while playing at "William Tell."

☞ It is said that in France, young ladies, no matter how rich they may be, have never but one silk dress at a time.

☞ How many illustrious heroes, who were once the pride and glory of their age, hath the silence of historians buried in eternal oblivion.—*Boethius.*

☞ Becoher writes:—"Tobacco is the one best remedy for all stings of insects. Wet it so that the juice shall start, and place it on the place stung, and in one moment you are all right again."

☞ In New York recently, a lady fell in a fit and was sent to a hospital, where the medical attendants relieved her of a set of false teeth she had partially swallowed, and she departed convalescent.

☞ It is reported that the musical conductor at the new St. Thomas' Church, Fifth Avenue, New York, is to receive $5,000 a year, with an elegant residence. Such a man's tones must be more than silvery, perfectly golden indeed.

☞ A young girl of Schenectady has been committed to the Troy (N. Y.) jail in default of $30 fine for having promenaded through the streets with a colored man.

☞ King William shows what he thinks of the duration of the war, by ordering 100,000 sets of furs for his army.

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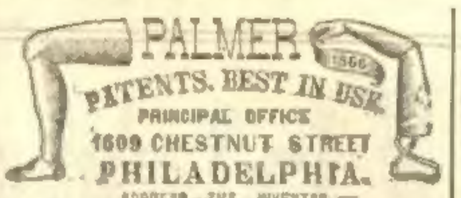

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Health's Foaming Elixir.—The volatile principle of the Seltzer Spa Water is lost in crossing the Atlantic. It reaches this country "stale, flat, and unprofitable." But in TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT, this matchless natural remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness and constipation, is reproduced in all the sanitary perfection of the original Spa as freshly drawn, and drank foaming at the fountain side. It requires but an instant to improvise the delicious draught, and for all the disorders of the stomach, bowels and liver, prevalent at this season it is—in the opinion of our ablest physicians—a safe and admirable specific.

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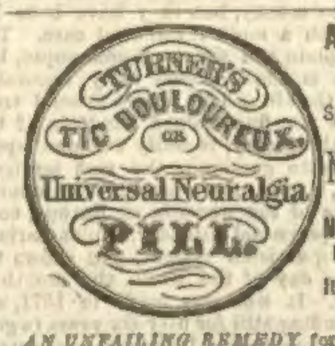

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The French great sensation; novelty, cheapness, durability, in a highly polished case, metallic tongues, brilliant in tone; of the best construction, with the most recent improvements; new pattern. Eight select airs, eminently adapted for the drawing-room table. Guaranteed of the best workmanship and performance. Thousands sold monthly. No. 1, 8 tunes, $2. No. 2, 14 tunes, $3. No. 4, 24 tunes, $5, sent free by mail on receipt of price. Send 3 cent stamp for new illustrated catalogue with list of tunes. Address WM. BROOKS & CO.,
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$5. PET SEWING MACHINE will do the work of 20 pair of hands and as good as any $25 machine. Send $5 for one, or two stamps for sample of work and circulars. Agents wanted. Terms liberal. Address *PET SEWING MACHINE CO.*, 7 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.
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oct1) tf

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Little Story of the President.

The San Francisco Bulletin tells a pretty good thing about President Grant:

A tolerably well-known lawyer of San Francisco visited Washington, recently, in the course of a trip through the Eastern states. He put up at Willard's, and having seen pretty near all the lions there are about the Capital, concluded that it would not do to go home without calling on the President. He looked up a Congressional friend whom he knew to be acquainted with General Grant, and at once suggested that he should take him to the White House and introduce him.

"I want to see the General," said he, "for you see, I knew him out in California. Of course he won't recollect me; but then I thought I might just as well see him, now that I am here."

They called at the White House that evening and found General Grant disengaged and pleased to receive them. Our friend from San Francisco was introduced and very cordially greeted indeed. "Anybody from California was always heartily welcome to the house," the General said.

After indulging in the usual commonplaces, the visitor ventured to remark:

"I knew you, General, in California, but that is some time ago, and of course you don't recollect me."

"Well, indeed, I do not. I am somewhat forgetful of faces, and cannot think now, when it was I saw you."

"I did not expect you would, General, but I recollect you very well. I saw you at Knight's Ferry in the winter of—"

"Ah! indeed."

An assumed smile flitted over the President's countenance, as he said:

"By-the-way, how is the travel on that road now. Is it as good as it used to be when I was there?"

"Well, I don't know as there's much change about it. I guess it's pretty much as it used to be."

"Well, now do you know that I think that as soon as I get through here, I'll go back to California and keep that ferry again."

"Indeed!"

"Yes I really believe I will; for if travel is anywhere near as good as it was then I'll do better there than I would anywhere else. Since I've been here I have never met a Californian that hadn't met me at Knight's Ferry."

Our Telegraphic News.

[*Special Correspondence.*]

BERLIN, October 15.—In a conversation with King William, yesterday, he said that he relied upon the growing taste in Hoboken for Bavarian beer to destroy the sympathy of the United States with the French Republic.

METZ, October 12.—While examining the fortifications to-day, with Bismarck, I lent him my cigar-holder, and he told me that Prussia would refuse to entertain any propositions tending to peace until the Schleswig-Holstein question was definitely settled.

STRASBOURG, October 14.—Among the priceless volumes destroyed in the library here, was a full set of Abbot's Napoleon histories. They were all presentation copies from the author, with autograph inscriptions. The regret expressed at their destruction is deep felt and universal.

WINDSOR, Oct. 16th.—I came up to-day with Victoria from Balmoral. She was engaged during most of the trip in reading Horace Greeley's "What I Know About Farming," with which she is much delighted. She said she thought the satire was finer than Swift's, and wondered the people did not insist upon Greeley's being Governor.

ROME, Oct. 15.—Talking this morning with the Pope, who took breakfast with me, His Holiness said he had accepted James Gordon Bennett's invitation to come to Washington Heights on a visit, and wanted to know whether I thought he would be expected to wear his tiara during meals. I told him I thought it would not be obligatory.

DUBLIN, Oct. 16.—The Irish Republic was to-day proclaimed at Cork, with George Francis Train as Emperor. The Fenians say they would prefer a constitutional monarchy.

PARIS, Oct. 15.—General Clusceret assured me to-day that though Minister Washburne speaks French better than a native, yet he has not entirely forgotten what little English he used to know—and further, that he is confident it is not that gentleman's intention to make himself Dictator of France by *coup d' etat*.

LONG BRANCH, Oct. 23.—While smoking to-day with Grant, I asked him what he thought of the European complication, and he answered with a most expressive silence. —*Punchinello.*

Dried Up the Wrong Man.

The following is related of one of the brethren of a certain church, as having occurred a year or two since, but for obvious reasons not let out of the select circles where it has always been a source of fun. A gentleman who is much gifted with prayer, and likes to talk at Sunday-school, and whom we will call B. "for short," attended an evening prayer and business meeting. While the bell was ringing to hasten up the laggards, B. "improved the opportunity" by addressing an eloquent petition to the throne of grace. Thinking the bell had been rung enough, another member said very imperiously to one of those small boys who are always around, in season and out of season, "Go and tell that fellow to stop." A small boy never did understand anything as it was meant to be understood, or do anything as he was told to do it, and this particular small boy was not likely to stultify himself in that manner. Instead of going to the sexton and silencing "that dreadful bell," he threaded his way down the aisle, where B. was warming to his work, and in a loud, hissing voice, said: "Here, now, —— says for you to dry up that!" Poor B. blushed a brilliant scarlet, cut off an earnest invocation in the middle of a sentence, and all the balance of the evening sulked in sullen silence. At the close of the meeting he demanded of the offending member an explanation, which was satisfactorily given, and the "unpleasantness" amicably settled.

PEOPLE should mind how they express themselves at public dinners. We read, the other day, that the builder of a church now in course of erection in South London, when the toast of his health was given, rather enigmatically replied that he was "more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking."

COUSINLY AFFECTION.

JIM (*who has taken his Cousin Jack fishing for the first time*)—"Now, Tom, just put your finger in, and loosen that fourth hook."

Little Sammy's Angels.

Sammy's mother wished to spend the evening at a friend's, and therefore put the little fellow to bed, telling him about the guardian spirits who took care of good little boys. To further prevent the darkness from giving him fear, she left the light dimly burning.

The next morning Sammy was up bright and early, and full of news.

"Mamma, I saw the angels last night!"

"Did you?"

"Yes, they got wings!"

"Ah!"

"They sung to me!"

"It it possible?"

"And they bit me on my hand, the nasty things!"

LAGER BEER.—A gentleman driving up to a country inn, accosted a youth thusly: "My lad, extricate my quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, donate to him a sufficient supply of nutritious ailment, and when the aurora of morn shall again illuminate the Oriental horizon, I will award you a pecuniary compensation for your amiable hospitality."

The boy becoming puzzled, and not comprehending the gentleman's high-sounding effusion, ran to the house and exclaimed:

"Daddy, there is a Dutchman out here who wants lager beer."

The Great Cathedral at Strasbourg.

The wonder and delight of Strasbourg is the Cathedral—one of the masterpieces of Gothic architecture. Founded by Clovis in 510, reconstructed by Pepin and Charlemagne, destroyed by lightning in 1007, it was rebuilt in 1015 by Erwin de Steinbach, and finished in 1418 by Jean Hultz, of Cologne, after the tower had been four hundred and twenty-four years incomplete. According to tradition, ten thousand workmen toiled at the holy work for the good of their souls, "all for love, and nothing for reward." An epitome of Gothic art, this cathedral contains specimens of every style, from the Byzantine upwards. Heaven send it a safe deliverance from Prussian shot and shell; let the gunners aim wide of that noble, heaven-piercing spire, which, according to the best guide-books, rises four hundred and sixty-eight feet above the pavement—that is twenty-four feet higher than the great Pyramid—and sixty-four feet higher than St. Paul's, the body of the church itself being higher that the towers of York Minster. The view from this network of stone repays the giddiest persons. Beyond the dull red roofs, and the high-roofed and many-windowed houses, spreads the whole country of the Rhine and Black Forest, and on the side of France you see those Vosges Mountains, that might have been held against the world. Hope describes the netting of detached arcades and pillars over the west end of the cathdral to be like a veil of the finest castilion, so sharp and bright is the carving of the durable stone; while Dr. Whewell, comparing the building to an edifice placed under a rich open casket of woven stone, laments the sacrifice of distinctness from the multiplicity and intersection of the lines. The triple portal is peculiarly fine, and is in itself a world of quaint statues and basreliefs. The middle arch is adorned with no less than fourteen statues of the old Testament prophets; on the right arch are the Ten Virgins, and on the left the Virgins treading under foot the Seven Capital Sins. In the Revolution, these carvings were destroyed, and the great brass doors melted down into money, but they have been restored with a most reverential care. The choir is plain and simple Romanesque, but the nave is the choicest early decorated German Gothic. The town's special treasures are the fine stained windows of the fourteenth century, recently restored (spare them, gentle gunners), the vast marigold windows, and the famous astronomic clock, one of the wonders of Europe, comprising a perpetual calendar, a planetarium, on the Copernician system, and shows the hour, the day of the week, the month of the year. It was was made in 1571, and after standing still for fifty-six years (a good rest), was repaired in 1849 by a mechanician of the town. This part of the cathedral is supported by a single pillar of great symmetry, and above the Gothic cornice appears the effigy of Erwin de Steinbach, the architect of this vast building, whose tombstone was discovered, in 1855, in a humble little court behind the chapel of St. John. In an old house at the south-west corner of the Minster Platz there are preserved some curious ancient architectural drawings belonging to the cathedral.

☞ Belgium, a little kingdom of 11,328 square miles—about the size of Maryland—gives comfortable support to over 5,000,000 people, or about five hundred to the square mile.

JUNE MEMORIES.

The leaves drift down in forest ways;
The wind moans with a voice of pain;
But through the dim September days,
Like chords of some sweet haunting tune,
The memories of a happy June
Come back to me again—

A June forevermore that lies,
A pearl of purest, rarest bliss,
Shrined in delicious memories:
Sweet words and sweeter silence blent
With dewy twilight, and the scent
Of thick-flowered clematis;

Long cloudless morning hours that pass
Under oak shadows cool and dark;
The drone of insects in the grass,
Through the hot noon-day hushed and still,
Pierced only by the sudden trill
Of one up-soaring lark;

The plash of oars at eventide;
The low, clear rippling of the stream
Against the boat. Faint breezes glide
With lisping rustle in the reeds,
And slowly from the bank recedes
The sunset's violet gleam—

Lingering in mossy lanes to hear
The nightingale's first liquid notes
Pour rich and full. From meadows near,
Mown newly, fragrant breaths arise;
The moon across the tranquil skies
A globe of silver floats;

And all through the long summer days
My heart thrills to the fervent tones
Of one loved voice; a tender gaze
Follows me ever. Strangely bright
Life lies beneath love's mystic light.
But now the wild wind moans;

From their dead stalks the flowers are gone,
The leaves are swept by autumn rain;
I watch in silence and alone;
And by the wood-fire's reddening blaze,
The memories of the sweet June days
Come back to me again.

Cure for Snake Bites.

Professor Halford, of the University of Melbourne, in Australia, has discovered that if a proper amount of dilute ammonia be injected into the circulation of a patient suffering from snake-bite, the curative effect is usually sudden and startling, so that in many cases men have been thus brought back, as it were, by magic from the very shadow of death. In thirteen of the cases detailed by Dr. Halford in a recent paper read before the Medical Society of Victoria, all in the hands of different medical practitioners, these gentlemen expressly certify that the patients were in a dying condition, and must have perished, as they are convinced, but for this treatment.

The method finally adopted by Professor Halford, after many experiments, and approved by his associates, is this: As soon as possible after a bite, which, without treatment, threatens life, thirty drops of the liquor ammonia of the British Pharmacopœia are injected, by a hypodermic syringe, directly into some superficial vein of the patient. Of course none but a skilled hand must undertake the operation, since the accident of injecting a small bubble of air with the solution might be fatal; and only a surgeon knows how with certainty to avoid this. There is no stage of exhaustion, so long as life remains, in which there is not hope of success by this remedy.

In this country we are fortunately not scourged with such pernicious reptiles as infest many parts of the southern hemisphere; but enough lives are lost by the rattlesnake every year to give such a discovery a direct practical value even here. It has also a strong scientic interest, both as bearing upon the general subject of poisons in the blood, and as indicating that the method of administering remedies by hypodermic injections, already so rapidly spreading in hospital practice, may yet find a still greater extension in many classes of cases in which an immediate danger is to be avoided, or in which the effect on the system needs to be measured and graded with great exactness.

☞ The London Times says:—Unless we are misinformed the Emperor Napoleon, who has been the Chief of the French State for nearly twenty-two years, and its almost absolute master for nearly eighteen, retains no private property but a small cottage which came to him from his mother. Call it rashness, call it overweening confidence, or call it a generous carelessness, it is proved by the event that he did not devote his reign to the accumulation of money. Whatever he has received from France he has spent in the country in accordance with the social system which was established with the Empire.

AGRICULTURAL.

Aiming for the Best Quality.

Bring a good thing to market, and you will be crowded with customers. You will not only get more, but considerably more on many things.

Look at the grapes of the best varieties fully grown and ripened, and see what an advance they will bring. There is no glut with such grapes. You cannot raise enough, that's the difficulty. And so it is with every product.

If the market is dull introduce a superior article, and you give it activity. You not only sell, (where others fail to sell at all,) but you sell at a fair advance on the nominal price. You can sell a superior thing at any time. And when the market is buoyant, then it is that you are king of the board. It is then that the price is advanced, and you get the benefit.

And it is a pleasure to sell a good thing, whether fruit, beef, grain, butter, cheese, whatever it may be. You not only go to market with confidence, but you hold your article while you have it on hand, with the same assured feeling. You feel safe. You *are* safe. You take pride in the thought that you have the article.

Is all this nothing? Then sell, and it will be something. It will line your pockets, and get you a reputation. We have known things to be sold on reputation alone.

But you can raise a good quality, just as well as a poor. You can raise just as much of it.

Where do our best things come from? From our best producers, our most intelligent, our most honored men. They see how it is and do accordingly.

It is an inferior article that gluts the market; a good one, never.

It is safe then, to aim at No. 1; it is profitable; it is reputable.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

Ring-Bone.

The humane and intelligent observer cannot fail to be pained at the number of defective horses which are daily met upon the street or road. Some are ailing in the fore limbs, others in the hind-ones, or both. These ailments are seldom the result of age, defective blood or special hard work. They are more frequently the result of ignorance or carelessness than of deliberate cruelty—very frequently from thoughtless placing of the animals in situations where over-exertions are made to escape from apprehended danger of whip or club.

A rough man should never be trusted with the care of a horse—especially of a spirited one. The greatest caution cannot prevent accidents from sometimes occuring; but if proper care and intelligence is exercised, we should be less frequently pained with the sight of halting and otherwise defective horses upon our streets and in our fields.

One of the most distressing diseases to which this noble animal is subject is the Ring-bone. This disease is generally caused by heavy draught, especially in up-hill work. The first appearance of the complaint is indicated by a hard swelling upon the top of the fetlock or pastern joint, accompanied by tenderness, pain, heat, etc. Cooling appliances, such as cold water, soap, camphor, etc., with a little laudanum, should be promptly applied, giving the animal perfect rest, with green food or roots in connection with hay—no grain. This may be followed by some convenient preparation of iodine, like an ointment of an iodine of lead and lard. Rub in the ointment well, and follow up the treatment for several weeks. If the case is an obstinate one, try blistering with cerate of cantharides, continuing, at intervals, the use of the iodine. Equal parts of turpentine and kerosene would, no doubt, form a most excellent wash—the crude coal oil would be better than that which has been refined. Rub it well into the hair around and above the hoof.—*American Stock Journal.*

Keeping Stock in Good Condition.

The most trying period with domestic animals is between grass and hay. It is hard for them to change from soft and succulent food to hard and dry fodder. Fattening animals will draw on the secretions of their bodies for supplying the waste, before they will attempt to concoct nourishment from poor and unpalatable food. Stock must receive some grain to keep them in a thrifty condition. For this object soft corn will subserve an excellent purpose. Before the kernels become hard, animals can crush them without difficulty, and the grain will digest readily. By thus feeding only a small quantity of soft grain, or meal, and by proper protection from cold and driving storms, hundreds of dollars' worth of fat and flesh may be saved, which would otherwise be a dead loss.

More than enough fat and flesh of domestic animals is actually lost to everybody annually, in this state, than would be required to pay all the taxes in the state.

I commenced feeding my cows meal in October, and I continued the regular extra feed through November, and we made more butter in one of those Autumn months than in any other grazing months of the season. I have a tin cup with flaring sides, that holds, when dipped in deep and heaped up full, about two quarts of meal, made of equal parts, of good Indian corn and oats. I never "cob" my animals. I am down on that cob system of management. With every fifteen bushels of corn and oats I mingle, before grinding, about one bushel of flax seed. This improves the quality of the feed for animals of any kind, as ground flax seed meal, when mixed with grain, is far better for milch cows, for horses, for fattening sheep, or for young stock of any kind, than oil meal. I sow a little flax seed every year for the express purpose of having the seed to mingle with the grain that is ground into meal, for my cows and other stock. I think this is the true way to make money by saving all that is made. The little losses abstract the profits.—*American Stock Journal.*

Musty Oats.

A South Carolina correspondent, after reporting the loss of a horse, supposed to result from eating musty oats, says:—"I am certain more horses die in the South from eating damaged oats, than from all other causes. As the oats are cut rather green, and often with many green weeds among them, it is very difficult to keep them from molding more or less in the center. Many animals die from this cause, which are supposed to have had blind staggers, as in the case of mine. Another horse recently died near me in the same way, after being fed on oats mostly sound, but some of the bundles musty in the middle."—*Report of Department of Agriculture.*

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 84 letters.
My 3, 6, 29, 16, 76, 63, 24, 82, 80, 18, is the title of a song.
My 1, 40, 22, 4, 58, 28, 33, 8, is a word that oft brings a tear to the eye.
My 45, 10, 17, 36, 27, 13, 44, 60, is a month.
My 15, 2, 66, 83, 19, 74, 21, 40, 81, 7, 11, 39, is an eminent writer.
My 57, 47, 78, 53, 26, 55, 2, 35, 75, 50, is a town in Scotland.
My 5, 48, 46, 69, 34, 61, 12, is the title of a story we are anxiously awaiting.
My 20, 10, 72, is a personal pronoun.
My 37, 43, 14, is a beautiful plant.
My 9, 35, 31, 77, 70, is a color.
My 71, 67, 45, 62, 70, 33, 83, is a pleasure boat.
My 73, 59, 82, 40, is a state in the Union.
My 30, 68, 22, 51, 64, 79, 12, 84, is the name of a wine.
My 38, 23, 65, 54, 41, is a paste used as a cement.
My 42, 49, 56, 52, are personal pronouns, much used.
My whole is a portion of a love song.

DOT AND DASH.

Plainville, Ohio.

Riddle.

I am composed of four letters.
Omit my first and I am a meadow.
My 4, 2, 1, is a mountain.
My 1, 3, 4, is a vegetable.
My 4, 1, 3, is an animal.
My 1, 4, is a tie of blood.
My 1, 3, 4, is a sound, or an agitation.
My 2, 4, 1, signifies a fold.
My 4, 2, 3, is a beverage.
My 1, 4, 2, 3, is a limit or an enclosure.
My whole is an entreaty.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Problem.

It is required to find three numbers such that the product of the first and second, plus the sum of their squares, shall be 109, the product of first and third, plus the sum of their squares, shall be 151, and the product of second and third plus the sum of their squares shall be 193. J. D. W.

☞ An answer is requested.

A Legal Question.

At the time when wheat was $3 per bushel, A had a field which he wished to be put out in wheat. His neighbor B agrees to farm it for him on the expressed condition that each of the parties find half of the seed, and after threshing, each receive the one-half of the produce. When seeding time came B had no seed to sow; but A offered to advance the whole seed, which, without any further talk about price or condition at that time, B accepted, and took for that purpose 20 bushels of A's wheat and sowed the same. After the grain had grown, ripened, and had been harvested and threshed, and peaceably divided bushel for bushel, according to agreement, Farmer B, from his own share, turns over to A 10 bushels of the so divided wheat, to return the 10 bushels which he had got the loan of from A at seeding time. But A now demands 20 bushels of B's share, on the plea that wheat now is only worth $1.50 per bushel; whereas when B got the seed, wheat sold at double the present price, and therefore B should make up in bushels what the price of wheat has since declined. They get to quarreling over the question, and A sues B for the difference, either in the price or bushels of this seed wheat. Supposing you were the Justice of the Peace before whom the suit is brought, would you give your judgment in favor of the plaintiff for 20 bushels, or of the defendant for 10 bushels? X.

☞ Send in your decision to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, to be published in four weeks from the date of this present number.

Conundrums.

☞ When does the rain become too familiar to a lady? Ans.—When it begins to patter on her back.

☞ Why is a goose like a cow's tail? Ans.—Because they both grow down.

☞ When may you suppose an umbrella to be one mass of grease? Ans.—When it's dripping.

☞ What do opera-singers live on? Roles.

☞ Why ought Napoleon III. to wear glasses? Ans.—Because recent events have shown that he was very short-sighted.

☞ What volume will bring tears to your eyes? Ans.—A volume of smoke.

☞ Why is a man's trade-mark like a certain leading Prussian? Ans.—Because it is a "bis" mark. [The author of the above leaves a wife and twelve small children.]

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—"The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." RIDDLE.—Cymbeline.

RECEIPTS.

FRUIT STAINS.—Fruit stains on table linen are often a great annoyance to the tidy housekeeper. These are very easily removed if they are attended to at once, but if left a day or two it is more difficult. Stretch the stained spot tightly over a deep bowl or pail, and pour over it *boiling*-hot water, letting it filter through till the stain disappears. The water must be really *boiling*, not simply scalding. If the article has been thrown into suds before the stains are removed the hot water will not destroy them. In that case, wet the stain, and while wet spread over the spot some chloride of lime, lay the piece on the grass or hang on the clothes-line where the sun will strike through for a few minutes, and then wash and boil immediately. Care and judgment are necessary in the use of the chloride of lime or it will rot the cloth. There is a preparation of chloride of lime designed for such purposes, which is safer to use, and can be procured at druggists.

WILLOW BREAD.—The leaves of our common or basket willow (*Salix Nigra*, Marshall,) treated the same as is usual for hops, make an excellent yeast or leaven for light bread. The discovery was made in my family this summer, and after thorough trial, I was convinced that there is nothing equal to it, as it rises much quicker than hops—is half the time—imparts none of that hop flavor so disagreeable to some, and, in fact, makes better bread every way. The thing is well worthy the attention of every good housewife who reads the Journal of Agriculture—and lest some should hesitate in consequence of not knowing the medical properties of the willow in question, I will add that it is a healthful tonic from which no harm can possibly arise.—*Cor. of Journal of Agriculture.*